THE

SPORTING MAGAZINE;

OR,

MONTHLY CALENDAR

Of the TRANSACTIONS of the TURF, the CHASE, And every other DIVERSION interesting to the MAN of PLEASURE, ENTERPRIZE, and SPIRIT.

For JULY, 1794.

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Richly ornamented with a striking Representation of the FOREST KEEPER SHOOTING A BUCK; and an exact Delineation of the SKELETON of a HORSE, from an Original in the Possession of Mr. FOXALL, Farrier, Finsbury Square, both beautifully engraved by COOK.

LONDON:

Printed by W. M'Dowall, Pemberton Row, Gough Square,

FOR THE PROPRIETORS:

And sold by J. WHEBLE, No. 18, Warwick Square, near St. Paul's; at WILLIAM BURREL'S Circulating Library, Newmarket; and by every Bookseller and Stationer in Great Britain and Ireland.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

IT is with no small satisfaction we receive another Letter from our valuable Correspondent ACASTUS, with a promise of a continuance of his friendly Assistance. The unforseeen Event which gave rise to his long Silence, is equally regretted by ourselves, as we doubt not it has been by our numerous Readers: and we have the pleasure of gratifying them with his further Observations on FOX HUNTING, in our present Number.

We have also inserted the Letter of a SPORTSMAN on the Inhumanity of certain persons to the HORSE. We have too much regard for that Noble Animal, not to be pleased with many of his Remarks; and we trust they will be considered by the generality of our Readers, as having a tendency to procure him a better Treatment in future.

If NAUTICUS had for a moment reflected on the Nature of our Publication, it would never have entered into his mind, that *An Account of the Victory obtained by* LORD HOWE *over the French Fleet* was a Subject for the SPORTING MAGAZINE. However (notwithstanding we inform him that his *MSS* is in the Hands of our Publisher, and will be delivered to his order), we thank him for the opportunity it gives us to express our joy in common with the rest of our Countrymen, on the Glorious Occasion, and to signify our Wishes that it may be only a prelude to future Successes.

A Contribution to the History of Card Play, shall appear very soon.

The FLASH SONG, which an Anonymous Correspondent has thought proper to send us, cannot have a place in the Sporting Magazine. Admitting it was new, which is certainly not the case, its Insertion would be deemed an Insult to the respectable Purchasers of our Publication.

A NORFOLK FARMER on the Destruction of Game, is received, and shall appear in our next.

As shall a variety of Productions, which equally claim our Attention; and which, for want of room, we have been under the necessity of keeping back.

Cook sculp.

Forest Keeper Killing a Buck.

THE

Sporting Magazine,

For JULY, 1794.

Ancient and modern Method of DEER KILLING.

ON the commencement of the venison season, one of the copper-plates which accompanies the present Number of our Magazine, is KILLING THE BUCK, and may not be unacceptable to our *epicurian* as well as *sporting* readers.

The old way of taking the deer was first by shooting and wounding him, and then to let a couple of hounds pull the animal down; but modern expert park-keepers generally take aim with such certainty, as to bring the buck to the ground without the assistance of the canine race; and this they are anxious of doing, in order to prevent the hounds tearing him, which spoils the beauty of the venison in the London market: where it must be owned it is brought in the utmost perfection: in proof, look but at the shops near the Mansion-house in the city, where venison is sold; and particularly at Wright's Charing Cross; the last mentioned gentleman we would recommend to our town and country friends, as a man in whom the utmost honour and punctuality dwells, both in his business as a dealer in venison, as well as in the legal traffic of lottery tickets and shares.

When a deer is wounded, and not killed, he immediately makes for his companions of the herd; but they, like faithless friends in human life, take every method to avoid him. On this subject we shall close the present article with an extract from Shakespeare.

JAQUES

JAQUES *moralizing on a wounded Deer.*

AS YOU LIKE IT.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Duke Sen. Come, shall we go and kill us venison?
And yet it irks me, the poor dappled fools,
Being native burghers of this desert city,
Should in their own confines, with forked heads
Have their round haunches gor'd.

1 *Lord.* Indeed, my lord,
The melancholy Jaques griev'd at that;
And, in that kind, swears you do more usurp
Than doth your brother that hath banish'd you.
To-day my Lord of Amiens, and myself,
Did steal behind him, as he lay along
Under an oak, whose antique root peeps out
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood:
To the which place a poor sequester'd stag,
That from the hunters' aim had ta'en a hurt,
Did come to languish; and, indeed, my lord,
The wretched animal heav'd forth such groans,
That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat
Almost to bursting; and the big round tears
Cours'd one another down his innocent nose
In piteous chase; and thus the hairy fool,
"Much marked of the melancholy Jaques,"
Stood on the extremest verge of the swift brook,
Augmenting it with tears.

Duke Sen. But what said Jaques?
Did he not moralize this spectacle?

1 *Lord.* O yes, into a thousand similies.
First, for his weeping in the needless stream:
"Poor deer," quoth he, "thou mak'st a testament
"As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more
"To that which had too much."
Then, being alone,
Left and abandon'd of his velvet friends.
"'Tis right," quoth he, "thus misery doth part
"The flux of company." Anon, a careless herd,
Full of the pasture, jumps along by him,
And never stays to greet him:
"Ay," quoth Jaques,
"Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens;
"'Tis just the fashion: Wherefore do you look
"Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there?"
Thus most invectively he pierceth through
The body of the country, city, court,
Yea, and of this our life: swearing that we
Are mere usurpers, tyrants, and what's worse,
To fright the animals, and to kill them up,
In their assign'd and native dwelling-place.

Duke Sen. And did you leave him in this contemplation?

2 *Lord.* We did, my lord, weeping and commenting
Upon the sobbing deer.

To

To the EDITORS *of the* SPORTING MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

IN your Magazine of May last, you gave us an account of the dog-eaters of Casalnuovo, Lecce, Otaheite, &c. As a proof that the custom is prevalent in other parts, I send you an extract from Captain Carver's Travels through the interior parts of North America, in 1766, 1767, and 1768. After describing the ceremony attending the admission of an Indian of the Naudowessie nation into one of their societies, he proceeds to give an account of the feast given in consequence of such admission as follows:

"The dishes being brought near me, I perceived that they consisted of dogs's flesh; and I was informed that at all their public grand feasts they never made use of any other kind of food. For this purpose, at the feast I am now speaking of, the new candidate provides fat dogs, if they can be procured at any price. In this custom of eating dog's flesh, they resemble the inhabitants of some of the countries that lie on the north-east borders of Asia." p. 278.

After speaking of the ceremony attending their declarations of war, he says:

"This ceremony is followed by dances, such as I have before described; and the whole concludes with a feast which usually consists of dog's flesh. This feast is held in the hut or tent of the chief warrior, to which all those who intend to accompany him in his expedition, send their dishes to be filled." p. 304.

Undoubtedly the practice of eating dog's flesh extends to many other parts of the globe; but it appears by Captain Carver, that the Naudowessie Indians eat it by way of luxury, not from any want or scarcity of other animal food; as (he says) they eat the flesh of the bear, the buffalo, the elk, the deer, the beaver, and the racoon.

I have sent you the above, (as a confirmation of what you have advanced of the existence of such a set of beings as dog eaters) in order for your publication in your entertaining Magazine, if you shall consider it worthy of insertion therein.

W. H.

B—l—m, July 15, 1794.

To the EDITORS *of the* SPORTING MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

ALTHOUGH I have looked into Mrs. Piozzi's ingenious publication on *British Synonomy*, and do not find that *sportsmen* and *philosophers* are the same description of men; yet, as I am induced to believe that many of the former are fond of good eating, and, of course, not totally destitute of some little knowledge of the culinary art, I beg leave to propose to them the following question, through the medium of your valuable publication.

In making a fruit pie, our housewives put a tea-cup within it, which, they say, prevents the juice from being expelled by the heat, and accumulating it within its cavity: to account for this, I told Mrs. S. a few evenings ago, that the air contained in the cup is rarified by the heat, and consequently the most of it escapes: the pie then cooling, condensation follows, and the vacancy is filled by the juice of the fruit. But she rejected my opinion by observing to me, that if the pie be cut when recently baken, hot from the oven, the "luscious treasure"

treasure," will, nevertheless, be found below the cup.

Crust is either *short* or *flaky*—Mrs. B. (who certainly makes most divine pies) when she wishes to constitute her crust of that leafy tenuity which is called flaky, effects it by the aid of an egg.—Now, here I am more puzzled than ever. Perhaps the egg being beaten up with a fork, entangles the air, which becomes intimately diffused, and is afterwards liberated by the heat; but as no operation of the rolling-pin can obviate the laminated structure of crust, after the evolution of the air it assumes a stratified appearance.

These are the only theories I have to offer, and I wish that some one deeply skilled in these mysteries would assist me; for I positively declare that I have not eaten a bit of a pie of Mrs. S's making since I failed in my explanation. Socrates brought philosophy from Heaven to Earth. Addison led her into the Drawing-Room, and I wish to descend with her into the Kitchen.

A NATIVE.

To the EDITORS *of the* SPORTING MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

I AM the son of honest industrious parents, who gave me such an education as their circumstances would allow, which just served me to read and write intelligibly. When I had got thus far, instead of pursuing the small advantages of my education, I grew inexpressibly fond of a pack of harriers in the neighbourhood, and quitted all other prospects for the diversion they afforded me; nor have I any reason to be sorry for my choice, as it recommended me to a very worthy and indulgent master, who rewarded my turn of mind with a place the most agreeable in the world to my wishes; I mean that of huntsman. I have now trudged it on foot upwards of forty-years, and am able to trudge on still with more activity than, perhaps, you may imagine, were you to judge from the present dimensions of my carcase, being no less in girth, than three honest yards. Thanks to my master's bountiful copper can of beer, which I swallow every morning as regularly as I take my breathings. This makes me strong and lusty as an eagle; by the strength of this balsamic cup of canary, I preserve not only my breath, but many a stout puss for my good master or his friends. Indeed my merry beagles, (for I must be indulged in calling them mine) are such as *England*, perhaps, cannot, produce their equals—not a humdrum or a backslider amongst them; for such I immediately advance to the top of the first tree in my way, unless one of my brother staffs takes the trouble off my hands by accepting of the present. And if a babbler should happen to disconcert my harmony, no endeavours are wanting to reclaim the impertinent. When the lash has failed, I've known castration to have a very good effect on the male, but a female I pronounce incurable. By the exactness of my discipline, I have brought my pack to excellent order. I have observed some excellent rules for the management of dogs in the letters of your correspondent ACASTUS, which I think do great credit to the writer, as well as your Magazine. But experience makes perfect, (says the old adage.) Had you heard our charming music after a famous old hare, when we run as hard as we could lay legs to the ground, for two hours and

and a half, you must have thought yourself in *Elysium*, Oh! what a delightful peal did they ring at her exit, 'till my worship's honour's arrival. The constant custom of my sensible creatures! It was upon this occasion my inimitable Dowdy outdid her former outdoings: it was on this occasion I drank the copper can of scut ale to the immortal memory of that ever memorable puss, which had so often defeated my brother staffs and their crews, who must now one and all, green, blue and humdrum, sit still while I sing my *Io triumphe*.—Oh! Gentlemen, I really believe I should turn author, did I think that such subjects as I have now produced, would be universally read: but I fear they would be as little attended to as the writer; therefore I shall beg leave to subscribe myself your admirer and constant reader, TOM TRUDGE.

ANECDOTE *of a late* GENERAL OFFICER.

A LATE valuable and distinguished officer had so great a propensity to gaming, that he frequented places of every description, where play was going forward, without regarding the low company he met there. At one of these places, one night, in the eagerness of his diversion, he pulled out an exceeding valuable long snuff box, richly set with diamonds, took a pinch, and passed it round, keeping the dice box four or five mains before he was out, when recollecting something of the circumstance, and not perceiving the snuff-box, he swore vehemently no man should stir till it was produced, and a general search should ensue. On his right, sat a person dressed as an officer, though shabby, that now and then, with great humility, begged the honour to be permitted going a shilling with him, and had, by that means, picked up four or five; on him the suspicion fell, and it was proposed to search him first, who desiring to be heard, declared, "I know the General well; yet he, nor all the powers upon earth, shall subject me to a search while I have life to oppose it. I declare, on the honour of a soldier, I know nothing of the snuff-box, and hope that will satisfy the man doubting: follow me into the next room, where I will defend that honour, or perish!" —The eyes of all were now turned on the General for an answer, who, clapping his hand eagerly down for his sword, felt the snuff-box, (supposed to have passed round, and put there from habit) in a secret side pocket of his breeches, made for that purpose. It is hardly to be conceived the confusion that covered him on the occasion, that he had so slightly given way to suspicion. Remorse, mixed with compassion and tenderness of the wounded character (because poor) of his fellow soldier, attacked him at once so forcibly, that he could only say to him, on leaving the room immediately, "Sir, I here, with great reason, ask your pardon, and I hope to find it granted, from your breakfasting with me, and hereafter ranking me among your friends." It may be easily supposed the invitation was complied with: when, after some conversation, the General conjured him to say what could be the true reason that he should object to being searched: "Why, General, returned the officer, being upon half pay, and friendless, I am obliged to husband every penny: I had that day very little appetite, and as I could not eat what I had paid for, nor afford to lose it, the leg and wing of the fowl were then wrapped up in a piece of paper,

in my pocket; the thought of which being found there, appeared ten times more terrible than fighting the room round"—"Enough! my dear boy, you have said enough!—your name! let us dine together to-morrow: we must prevent your being subjected again to such a dilemma." They met the next day, and the General presented him a captain's commission, with a purse of guineas to enable him to join the regiment.

On exposing HORSES *in the* SUN, *to be tormented by* FLIES.

THE following letter appeared in a daily paper of the 22d instant. We know not the *mad doctor* it alludes to, nor are we desirous of being personal, but must deprecate the inhuman practice generally; and hope, from this insertion, that it may be less frequent in future, as well in Egham, as in every other part of the kingdom.

EGHAM.

"A certain *mad Doctor* in this parish would do well to abstain from the cruel and detestable practice of *horse-roasting*: for the *capricious being* alluded to, has been in the habit for several months past, of ordering a very valuable animal to be brought two miles distance, many hours before the services of the *poor creature* have been wanted.

The consequence has been, that the horse has uniformly waited for the space of *five hours daily* in the burning sun, for the last *four months*.

"The writer of this has frequently been an eye witness to the above cruel and wicked treatment of the animal in question; and as such a practice is not consonant either to the feelings or dictates of humanity, the inhabitants of Egham and it's neighbourhood will be much obliged for an early insertion of the above in your useful paper.

TRIAL *at the* OLD BAILEY.

Second Day of the July Sessions, 1794.

BEFORE MR. JUSTICE HEATH.

WILLIAM Parker was tried for wickedly, maliciously, and feloniously, maiming and wounding a black gelding, the property of J. Clutterbuck, Esq. with whom he lived servant.

Robert Turner said, that he was a coachman, and drove the Pinner stage. On the 29th of May, between Stanmore and Edgeware he perceived a team coming towards him, of which the prisoner was the driver: the fore horse appeared to be unruly, and the prisoner laid hold of him, and beat him with great violence about the head with the but end of a whip. Another witness spoke to the same effect.

Samuel Hunter said, that he saw the horse immediately after it had been beaten by the prisoner.—The animal's tongue was hanging out, and it's mouth extremely bloody.—It did not appear in evidence that the prisoner's conduct was the effect of any malice he entertained towards the prosecutor.

The learned judge observed, that, in order to support the indictment, it was necessary that it should appear in evidence that the prisoner had been actuated by malice towards the prosecutor; but of this there was no proof.

The jury found the defendant—Not guilty.

A TREATISE

A TREATISE on FARRIERY, with ANATOMICAL PLATES.

(Continued from page 72.)

THE *marks on the feet and legs of horses* generally correspond with those on the face. Bald horses have generally much white on their legs, and they are often all white. Horses with large blazes are commonly marked in the same manner. These are not unbecoming: but a horse with little or no mark on his face, looks disagreeably with white legs, especially when the white rises higher than the fetlock. A bald-faced horse, or one that has a blaze, with his feet entirely of another colour, is thought to be badly marked. And so is a horse that has both his near feet white, as well as those that have both the off feet white, while the rest are not marked at all. Some dislike a horse when the near foot before is white, and the off-foot behind; and the contrary. According to the common opinion, those are best marked that have the near foot, or both feet behind white: or when the near-foot, or both feet before are white: especially when the face has a radiated star, or a small blaze on his face.

When the white parts about the feet are indented with black, or any other colour towards the coronet, or when the coronet is spotted like ermine, the feet are looked upon to be good. When all the four legs are white, especially if it rises above the knee, or hocks, and when the pasterns and hoofs are white likewise, it gives the horse an ugly appearance, inclining too much to the pye-bald. For which reason few gentlemen will choose to ride them.

Some horses that have short hair, and are finely coated, especially those that are ungelt, have a mark like a feather. Sometimes it is round, and sometimes long and narrow, like a feather, or an ear of barley. The round is often on the forehead; sometimes on the shoulders and brisket, looking like embroidery. When this mark is on the neck, it is placed immediately under the mane, and runs downwards towards the withers. When it is on both sides the neck, so much the better. Sometimes they are on the thigh, running down towards the dock, and sometimes down the fore arm, or in other places. Feathers in general are almost always the sign of the goodness of a horse, and sometimes making an exceeding beautiful appearance.

OF THE ANATOMY OF A HORSE.

THE body of a horse, as well as that of all other animals, is divided into *solids* and *fluids*, which act upon each other. From this action, when it is reciprocal, and performed in a natural and due manner, the several functions are produced; without which, an animal cannot perform the various operations for which nature has appointed him.

OF THE SOLIDS.

THE *solid parts* consist of a mass of various pipes and vessels, to contain the several fluids and liquors which serve for several purposes, according to their distinct natures. All these vessels have a general tendency to contraction, which brings their sides nearer together, and diminishes their diameter. This quality of the vessels is called elasticity, which, when of a proper strength, that is,

is, neither too high, nor too weak, has a great influence in preserving health, and keeping off diseases.

However, all the vessels are not of the same consistence; for some are hard, as the *bones* and *cartilages*. These serve to sustain the other parts, and give a firmness and attitude to the body. The soft parts are *muscles*, *skin*, *bowels*, &c. The solid parts are divided into the *similar* and *simple*, and the *compound* or *organic*.

The *similar parts* are the *fibres*, the *membranes*, the *bones*, the *ligaments*, the *muscles*, the *tendons*, the *aponeuroses*, the *glands*, the *blood-vessels*, the *nerves*, and the *common teguments*.

The *fibres* are long slender threads of different kinds. Some are soft, flexible, and a little elastic or springy. These are hollow like pipes, or spungeous, and full of little cells, such as the nervous and fleshy fibres; others are more solid and flexible, with a strong elasticity or spring, such as the membranous or cartilaginous; another sort are hard and inflexible, as the fibres of the bones.

A *membrane* is a flexible web of fibres, crossing each other in the same plane. Their fineness depends on that of the fibres, and the thickness on the number of their several planes. When these cover the vessels, they are called *tunics* or *coats*. Their use is to line the principal parts of the body, to constitute veins and arteries, as well as to cover the bones.

The *bones* are the hardest parts of an animal body. The substance of the bone is a texture of solid fibres, differently disposed according to the conformation of each bone. They are composed of three substances: the one is *compact*, as the external part of the bone; the other is *cellular*, as the extremities of the long bones; the third is *reticular*, and is formed of slender threads, which proceed from, and cross the spungeous substances. In the flat bones, as the skull, there is no reticular substance.

The oily substance in the cells of these bones is called *marrow*, as well as that in the cavities of the long bones.

The *cartilages* or *gristles* are white, smooth, polished, supple, elastic substances, without cavities and marrow. They are harder than the other parts, but not so hard as bones. They cover the extremities of the bones at the joints, serving to unite them more closely, and to abate the friction. All the cartilages of the joints are covered with a membrane called *perichondrum*.

The *ligaments* are white, fibrous, close compacted substances, which are more supple and more pliant than the gristles; are hard to break, and cannot be extended or stretched without great difficulty. They serve to tie the bones together, as well as to bound and preserve certain parts.

The *muscles* are masses or bundles of reddish fibres, and are covered with their own proper membrane. The extremities of the muscles are generally terminated with white, slender, compact fibres, which form a round body called a *tendon*. When they are dilated into a thin, flat, and broad kind of membrane, it is called *aponeurosis*. The red, soft parts of the muscle are commonly called *flesh*. Their action consists in contracting the fibres.

The *glands* are little bodies formed by the texture of fibres of

of every kind, and are covered with a membrane. Those that separate any fluid from the blood, as the kidneys, are called *conglomerate*; those that serve to perfect the lymph are termed *conglobate*: thus the glands of the groin, armpits, &c. are *conglobate glands*.

With regard to the *blood vessels*, the *arteries*, and the *veins*. The *arteries* are elastic tubes which proceed from the heart, from whence they receive the blood, and covey it to all the parts of the body. The *veins* are only a continuation of the last division of the arteries, and return the superfluous blood to the heart. The arteries have two motions, the one of dilatation, called the *diastole*; the other of contraction, termed the *systole*. These opposite motions form the *pulse*. The veins have no sensible motion; but they contain *valves* at certain distances, which hinder the blood from returning back.

The *lymphatic vessels* are divided into arteries and veins: The *lymphatic arteries* are small transparent vessels, which convey an aqueous fluid, called *lympha*, to all the parts of the body. The *lymphatic veins* are only a continuation of the arteries of the same name, which carry part of the lympha back to the blood.

The *lacteal vessels* are a kind of lymphatic veins, because though they receive the chyle from the intestines, yet they are full of lympha when that fluid is absent.

The *nerves* are white cylindrical cords which proceed from the brain and spinal marrow. They have a covering from a membrane of the brain, called the *dura mater*, and are distributed into all parts of the body, and convey a fluid called the *animal spirits*, which are the principle of motion and perception.

The *adipose membrane* is placed on the internal surface of the skin, and is a texture of very fine membraneous leaves, in which are an infinite number of cells filled with fat, which communicate with each other.

On the outside of the hide or skin is the *hair*, which serves for cloathing, defence, and ornament. It lies thicker and smoother on the young horses than the old.

The *scarf-skin* is the uppermost cover of the hide, all over the body, through which the hair grows. This is the part that rises in bladders after blistering or burning. It serves to defend the *nervous papillæ* from the immediate action of external bodies, whose impression would be too painful without it.

The *skin*, or *hide*, I mean that part of it properly called the skin, is composed of membranous and nervous fibres, and is full of vessels. On its external surface are small glands, whose excretory ducts open on the external surface, and serve to carry off the sweat. On the outward part are the *pyramidal papillæ*; these are small eminences which are extremely sensible, especially in any part where the scarf skin is off.

OF THE FLUIDS.

By *fluids* we are to understand that humour contained in the solids which compose the human body; the principal of which is the *blood*. All the other fluids proceed from hence, except the *chyle*, from whence the blood itself is formed; and therefore we shall speak of that first.

The *chyle* is a milky fluid, extracted from the aliments by means of digestion. It is made sooner or later, according as the horse's stomach is stronger or weaker. It consists of several fluids, of the liquor that is expressed from the salival glands to dilute the food in chewing; of the liquor proceeding from the glands of the *œsophagus* or gullet; of the liquor of the stomach; of the pancreatic juice; of the gall, and the fluids that proceed from the small intestines.

The *blood* is a fluid that no animal can be without, because it supports life and the strength of the body: for when the vessels are emptied of it, all the operations of the mind and body cease. When the blood is let out into a vessel, as soon as it is cold it coagulates and separates into two parts, whereof one is red and like a card, and the other is fluid and serous.

Some of the fluids which are separated from the mass of blood, are mixed with it again; such as the *fat*, the *synovia*, the *animal spirit*, &c. Some are carried entirely off, as the *urine*, the *matter of insensible perspiration*, and *sweat*. Another sort again are between both the former, part of which is thrown out, and part returns into the blood again; such as the *saliva*, the *pancreatic juice*, the *bile*, &c.

OF THE BONES, CARTILAGES, AND LIGAMENTS.

The bones of a horse's head are seventeen in number, which are as follow—The *bone of the forehead*: this in colts is divided by a suture or seam down the middle, which wears out in time. The two *parietal* or *side-bones*: these are divided by a suture which reaches along the middle of the head, from the forehead to the noll bone seated on the hind part of the head. All the bones of the head, except the temporal bones, are joined together by sutures indented into each other, as in most animals. The temporal bones are united together by apposition, and to circumambient bones by a kind of gummy cement. They are thick, and very hard in the middle and lower part, but are thinner above, especially round their upper edges. The bones of the upper jaw are the *wedge-like bone*, the *jugal bone*, and the *sieve-like bone*. The other eight belong to the ear, four on each side, and form the organs of hearing.

The *wedge-like bone* is joined before to the frontal bone, and behind to the lower part of the occipital or noll bone, making the bottom or basis of the skull. The *sieve-like bone* divides the nostrils, and gives a passage to the several nerves or vessels which are subservient to the senses of seeing, hearing, and smelling. There are several cavities in this bone filled up with spungy flesh.

The *upper jaw-bone* is joined to these, and has a little process, which forms a part of the orbit of the eye. The cheek bone is part of this, and has a hollow below the eye on each side, which is divided by four bony portions that open into the nose. There is likewise a little hole on each side, through which a pipe passes, to carry off the superfluous moisture from the glands at the inner corners of the eyes. When these are stopt, it occasions the distemper called the *haw*. On the lower part are the sockets of the teeth, which with the tusks are twenty, *viz.* six fore-teeth, and twelve

twelve grinders or double-teeth, that is, six on each side.

The lower jaw is moveable, and is articulated into the lower part of the temporal bone. It is round and smooth on the lower edge, and hollow within, containing cells filled with marrow; the middle or flat part is more solid. The sockets of the teeth are the same in number as in the upper jaw.

Several blood-vessels pass through the seams of the skull, and through holes and perforations in several parts of the skull: these carry the blood to and from the brain and its membranes. There are likewise several passages for the nerves, all which are best seen in the skull of a horse.

There are several impressions and furrows on the inside of the bones of the skull, and which are made by the arteries of the *dura mater*, a membrane that enwraps the brain. When the bones of the skull are quite grown, no common saw will touch them; by which means a horse's head is well defended against external injuries, unless it be towards the nose, for that part consists of more spungy bones and cartilages, which are extremely sensible and tender.

The bone of the tongue is like a Greek υ, and serves for the insertion of the several muscles of the head or palate and wind pipe.

The *vertebræ* or bones of the back are thus numbered: the neck has seven, the back seventeen, the loins seven, the croup six, and the tail eighteen. The spines of the bones of the neck are round and smooth, with a hollowness between them on each side. The uppermost has a process which is received into the second, and on which the head turns as on a hinge. The seventeen joints of the back have very high spines, especially on the withers, which rise archwise, and are united by a strong ligament. The spines are shorter along the withers, till they approach the loins, where they rise higher. But behind they are more level as they approach towards the rump. All these have large holes, through which the marrow of the back passes from the brain to the rump. The bones of the tail are not perforated, being without marrow. They are spungy, and joined together by soft gristles. They are largest at the rump, and lessen gradually till they end in a point.

The *collar-bones* are one on each side, shaped like an *ſ*. They are united at one end to the upper part of the breast-bone by little heads which enter into the cavities, and to the uppermost rack-bone of the back. They serve to support the blade-bones, and to keep them from sliding forward.

The *ribs* are distinguished into the true and false, and are 34 in number. The true are nearest the shoulders, and are nine in number on each side, which are joined to the rack-bones of the back. The bastard or false ribs are eight on each side: they are not so hard and strong as the true ribs, and grow shorter as they approach towards the flanks; they are all thick towards the back, but thin and flat on the other end. When the ribs are large in compass, a horse's belly looks more round; but when they are short, a horse's belly has not that aspect which gives a general satisfaction, nor does the animal breathe so freely. They are very smooth on the inside, being covered with a membrane extremely fine.

The

The *breast-bone* is shaped somewhat like the bottom of a ship, and has cartilaginous dents where it receives the lower end of the true ribs. That part next the pit of the stomach is called the *sword-like cartilage*, because its point resembles a sword.

The *blade-bone* of the shoulders runs from below the withers to the point of the shoulder-bone, which last turns backwards towards the elbows, making an acute angle with the former. The blade-bone is joined to the ribs by muscles which have very strong tendons. In the lower end there is a shallow cavity, which receives the head of the shoulder-bone. It is surrounded with a tough cartilaginous substance, and is covered with a broad strong ligament, which not only prevents the shoulder-bone from slipping out, but renders the motion of the shoulder easy, and fit to play in all the necessary directions.

The *shoulder-bone* is short, and reaches to the elbow, where it joins to the bone of the fore-leg by very strong ligaments. It has two processes at the lower end, between which a high process of the leg-bone enters, which makes the elbow joint; and the high slender process of the leg-bone makes the elbow. This rises higher than the joint, and hinders the leg from turning backward.

The *leg-bone* is joined to the shank-bone, which are received into each other. This joint makes the knee, and has two ranks of little bones within the bending of the knee, three in the first, and four in the second, which serve to render the motion safe and easy. They are united together by ligaments, which are partly tendinous, and partly cartilaginous. The *shank-bone* reaches from the knee to the *great pastern*, and is composed of three bones, one of which is large, and the others small. The last are thick and round upwards, and small downwards. The great pastern has three small processes, which are received into three cavities of the shank-bone. The great pastern has likewise two cavities, which receive the process of the shank-bone. On the back part of the great pastern, two triangular bones are fixed, which form the *fetlock*, and serve to sustain the joint in its regular motion, preventing the false.

The *little pastern*, or *coronary bone*, is so closely united with the *great pastern*, that they seem to be one before examination. The lower end of the little pastern is articulated with the coffin or foot-bone, between which behind is placed the *nut bone*, so called by *Monsieur la Fosse*, and which is omitted by *Gibson*. The little pastern is reduced into the great by two heads, and into the coffin-bone in the same manner.

The *coffin-bone* is so called, because it lies within the hoof, as in a coffin. It is round on the upper part, where it receives the little pastern or coronary bone, but grows broader and thinner toward the bottom. It is of a porous substance, and may be easily pierced by nails or other sharp things that are trod upon.

The *nameless bones* are seated on the hind part of a horse, and are divided into the *haunch*, the *hip*, and the *share bones*. The flat sides of the hip-bone form the hip, with the muscles that are placed in the hollow of them.

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The haunch bones, which some call the *os pubis*, make a small arch at the extremity of the lower belly, through which the yard passes, at the entrance of which is the neck of the bladder. The *share bones*, termed in Latin the *ischium*, have a round cavity on each side which receive the head of the thigh bone. The back or upper part of these bones are joined to the *os sacrum* by cartilages or gristles, which in time turn almost into bones. The bone called the *os sacrum* lies under the crupper, next the rump; which, with the nameless bones, form the pelvis or bason. It is joined to the lowest rack-bone of the loins, and to the uppermost bone of the rump.

The thigh-bone has a round longish head, called by some the whirl-bone, which enters the cup of the hip-bone, and on which it turns backward and forward. The lower end of the thigh-bone has two processes, like a pulley, between which there is a large space which receives the protuberance of the leg-bone. Between the thigh-bone and the leg-bone there is a hollow that receives the stifle-bone, which answers to the knee-pan of a man. It is prominent on the outside, and rough where the muscles of the thigh are inserted, and curved and smooth on the inside. It is kept in its place by a strong ligament which rises from the upper end of the leg-bone, and is inserted into its lower end: as also by the tendons of the muscles of the thigh, which are inserted into its upper end: together with a strong ligamentous substance which is expanded all over it. It is very strong and solid, like a piece of flint, and has no cavity.

The *small bones of the hock* are placed in two ranks, like those of the knee: the first consists of three, and the second of four, which are articulated into the instep. They are smooth, to facilitate the motion of the joint, and serve to keep a horse's legs from doubling under him. The *instep* consists of three bones closely united, which appear as one. The pastern and coffin-bone differ in nothing from those of the fore-feet.

The *hoofs* are made up of husks, which cover the *pyramidal* papillæ of the skin, which lie close upon one another. They are without sense, that the horse may the better encounter the roughness of the road. When they are paired or cut, they always grow again. They are fastened to the coffin-bone by a ligament which surrounds it below the coronet, like a piece of tape. Underneath the hoofs are many twigs of tendons, nerves, and muscles, which run to the bottom of the foot, making the substance which lies beneath the soul and the coffin-bone.

All the long bones are hollow in the middle, being filled with marrow, and porus at the extremities; over which they have an epiphysis or gristly cap, to render the motion of the horse free and easy; there are likewise glands in the joints, which separate an oily matter, which always keeps them slippery, and prevents their wearing.

OF THE MUSCLES.

THE *muscles* have been defined before, and are well known to be the instruments of motion. They have long been the subject of an elaborate inquiry in a human body, and for that reason have

have obtained particular names. But as these are wanting in a horse, we can only at present describe them by their uses. And this, if duly attended to, will answer all the purposes of those who out of curiosity examine into the nature of a horse, or who have undertaken the more arduous task of curing their diseases, especially in cases wherein the muscles are principally effected.

We shall begin with the *muscles* of the *eyelids* and *eyes*. The eyelids have one pair of muscles, which serve to open them, and two to shut them. That which is employed in opening them, is peculiar to the eyelid; whereas the other two, whose use is to bring them together, or shut the eye, is inserted into both. They all have their rise from the edge of the hole in the bottom of the orbit, through which there is a passage for the optic nerve. The muscles in the forehead have some share in these actions, which may be perceived when the horse is brought out of a dark place into the light.

The *eye* has seven pair of muscles, to perform the variety of motions which that organ requires. They have six of these in common with men, and have their rise from the same part as the former; as also the seventh, which is peculiar to animals that feed with their heads downwards, and serve to suspend the eye, keeping it from projecting too far outwards. It is short and fleshy, and is inserted into the hinder part of the *cornea*.

The *nose* has four pair of muscles, which rise from the upper jaw, and from under the eyes. They are all inserted into the gristles of the nostrils, and part of the upper lip. They serve to widen and contract the nostrils: which action is most apparent when horses are most heated with exercise, when they are broken-winded, and when they have a fever. When the working of the nostrils is violent, the upper-lip is drawn upwards at the same time.

The *lips* have five pair of muscles that are proper, and two common to the mouth and cheeks; one pair of these serve to draw the superior lip directly. Besides, there is a remarkable muscle which belongs to the lips, and assists in all the motions of the jaw, and has a very strong action; for which reason, it arises partly from the *vertebræ* of the neck, partly from the shoulder-bone, breast-bone, and collar-bone, and is inserted into the chin, lips, and lower part of the nose. The remainder, which direct the motion of the lips, arise from the upper and lower jaw, and are inserted into the sphincter muscle, which surrounds the extremity of the lips.

The muscles belonging to the *lower jaw* are the temporal muscles, which compose the fleshy part of the temples, which serve to shut the mouth; and the abovementioned strong muscle which is inserted into the chin and upper lip, which helps to pull down the jaw, and open the mouth. The masseter muscles are used in chewing; and there is one pair that pull the jaw forwards, and another backwards.

*** *To give our Readers a clearer idea of our observations on the bones, &c. we beg leave to present them with the annexed highly finished* ENGRAVING *of the* SKELETON *of a* HORSE.

(To be continued.)

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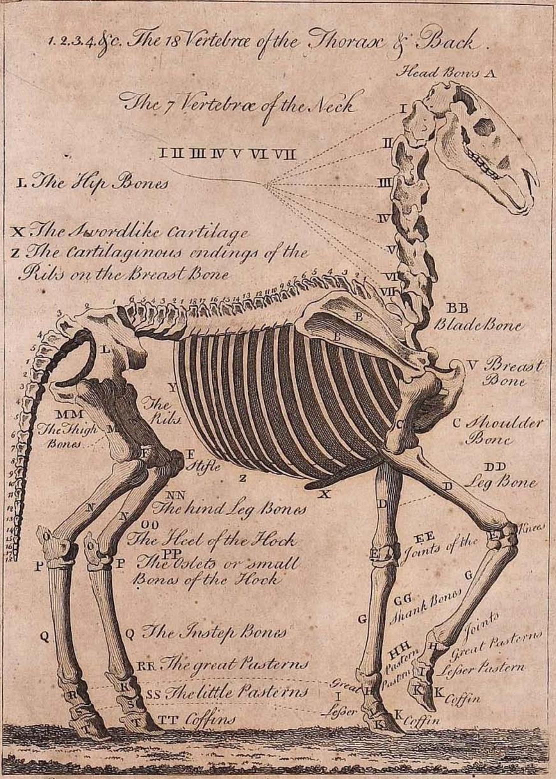

Engraved from a Skeleton in the Possession of Mr. Foxall, Finsbury place.

To the Editors *of the* Sporting Magazine.

GENTLEMEN,

As many instances have lately occurred, wherein the *bite of a mad dog* has proved fatal, I think you will add much to the credit and reputation in which your Magazine is held by every one I am acquainted with, by inserting the following *effectual remedy for the cure of that dreadful malady*, and oblige

Your humble servant,
Benevolus.

May 30, 1794.

The principal article used in this specific remedy is a beetle, the body of which is (without the head) preserved in honey, and occasionally bruised and mixed up with it for use. This beetle, cockchaffer, or proscarabé, is by Linnæus arranged by the name of meloés, in the class of coleopteres. It is the anticantharus described by Schoeffer, and not the scarabeus melolontha, the common beetle, but a plump insect without wings, yet covered with the common brown cases, not shining, nor hard, but of the consistence of thin leather. It has three pair of feet of unequal length; the body, thick as a finger, is streaked with blue, green, and chiefly red colour, and is often an inch, and an inch and a quarter long, and the female biggest; although there is a smaller sort equally good and useful.

They are gathered in May, in warm and dry days, in fields and high meadows. They are so tender, as, when touched, to emit a mucilaginous yellow fluid of a grateful smell, that tinges the skin: in order, therefore, not to bruise them, they should be raised with a small flat stick, and turned over into a glass or glazed vessel, out of which being slid on a plate, one by one, the head is (with a sharp knife) to be severed from the body, which is immediately to be dropped into a jar of honey, sufficient in quantity to cover a number. In this state they may be preserved two or three years, the jar being close stopped, kept in a cool, dry place, and some honey supplied for what may dry away and leave them uncovered.

For use, 24 beetles, with the honey adherent to them, are taken, bruised, and mixed on a plate; to them are gradually added the following ingredients: of theriaca, or conserve (rob) of elder, two ounces; of ebony shavings pulverised, two drachms; Virginian snake-root in powder, one drachm; filings of lead, one drachm; and of dried mushrooms, or *fungus laricis*, twenty grains; all which are by degrees, in the order here stated, intimately to be mixed, made into paste, and, when taken, rubbed down to the consistence of an electuary. The part remaining, untaken, must be kept close and cool, like the jar with the beetles. The dose of paste is according to the age and strength of the patient: for men, from 80 to 30 years, 2 drachms; at 25 years, 1½ drachm; from 20 to 10 years, one drachm; from 10 to 6 years, 30 grains; at two and one year, 24 grains; and for children at the breast, the nurse is to take the dose that suits her age, the quantity for women being one fourth or one-fifth less than that prescribed for men.

As to animals, for full grown horses, 3½ drachms; for full-grown colts, 2¾ drachms; for colts,

colts, 50 grains; for hogs, $2\frac{1}{2}$ drachms; grown pigs, one drachm, 50 grains; small pigs, one drachm; for sheep and goats grown, one drachm 5-10ths; young of both, grown, one drachm: lambs and kids, 50 grains; dogs, full grown, two drachms; young, $1\frac{1}{2}$ drachm; puppies, one drachm; fowls, grown, one drachm; young, $\frac{1}{2}$ drachm. These doses are divided into equal parts: one given at night, the other in the morning.

The person taking a prescribed dose of this medicine is to abstain 24 hours from eating, and 12 hours from drinking; if thirst becomes insufferable, he may be allowed some elder-flower infusion or common tea. He must be kept in a temperate air within doors during the whole course, to encourage a necessary perspiration, which may be procured at first by lying 12 hours in bed. After 24 hours, he is to be shifted with warm body and bed linen; the foul are to be removed immediately, in order to be purified. To perform a cure in winter, the patient's room must be kept moderately warm.

When the bite has made a wound, the spot is to be washed with wine vinegar. Beer vinegar, not being so sharp, requires the addition of salt. And, when neither are at hand, soft water, in which salt is dissolved, may be used. Warm application may also be made to the part with cloths dipped in those fluids; after which it is to be kept covered with plaisters of *basilicon* ointment, or salt butter. The wounds must, from time to time, be anointed with scorpion oil, vipers' fat, or with the unctuous substance of cockchaffers, mixed with, and distilled from, olive oil, in which those insects have been macerated, in order to keep the wound clean and open for a time; after which it is slowly to heal of itself.

During the cure, and some time after, the patient must keep quiet, avoid strong exercise, and whatever may cause agitation of mind. He is to abstain from all strong liquors, and avoid all kinds of excess.

As to cattle, when a beast is bitten, it must be put up in a stable, or byer by itself, have the medicine administered as above directed, and not be let out again till the cure be completed beyond doubt, at least for two days or more: after which the stable is to be well purified, that it may not be infectious for man and beast; and the same abstinence from eating and drinking is to be observed for both: as likewise for the treatment of a wound, when there is one, the cleansing of which is essentially necessary, to remove the froth and slaver of the animal, and prevent its mixing with the fluids of the body.

The person who attends such patients is advised also to take a dose of the same medicine, to prevent infection from the breath or touch of the patient, as possibly contagious. When the bite has made no wound, and only left a mark like a contusion, it will still be proper to wash and foment the part with vinegar and the wetted cloth, as above directed. But if the spots prove painful, it will be proper to lay a blistering plaister upon them the first night, to procure a discharge of the noxious humour they contain, and to make a sore, that is to be treated in the same manner as those of the bites above described.

To the EDITORS *of the* SPORTING MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

I AM a constant reader of your entertaining and respectable publication, and know you do no more than justice to your subscribers, to record the events of the different matches that are made by the owners of that most useful, willing, and noble animal, the horse; but, Gentlemen, when I see beings so lost to humanity, so totally divested of that feeling which ought to be the characteristic of man, as to injure a generous quadruped for the consideration of a trifling gain, I really am struck with horror, and can scarcely believe they were formed by the same power. I am led into these reflections, by noticing in your last and preceding Number, an account of two different matches made by the same person, who rode his own horses, and was on both occasions successful, though, as I am credibly informed, to the entire injury of both animals.

Surely, Gentlemen, there cannot be any great cause for exultation here; for on the score of *interest*, which must certainly have actuated the proprietor in no small degree, a deprivation of the functions which enable them to perform what the wisdom of Providence intended them for, must ultimately tend to their owners disadvantage. A friend to whom I was mentioning my intention of troubling you, has furnished me with the following remarks, which I think so applicable to the purpose, that I cannot forbear introducing them.

"If a horse can trot ten miles an hour (says this gentleman), it is not long before a wager is laid that he performs twelve; if this should be accomplished, so much the worse for an excellent beast; higher wagers succeed under an increase of task, till his spirit and powers sink at length under the whip and spur! The owner, who perhaps goes to church now and then, but would certainly resent the suspicion of his not being a christian, only calculates the difference in his favour between the bet and the price of his nag.

"Many years ago I remember to have heard of a man of this class, though my recollection fails in name, place, and date, which indeed may be dispensed with, who had a fine spirited stone horse, that won every stake he started for; insomuch, that a match was made for geldings, purposely to exclude him. Resolving not to be jockeyed, he brought his horse to the post, and caused him to be castrated just before he started! I shudder while I relate, that this poor animal, thus treated, won the heat, and—then dropped down dead! Had I been an absolute prince, and such a deed had been perpetrated in my dominions, I would have fulfilled the *lex talionis*. It is hard there should be no law for brute animals, when they carry so large a proportion of representatives to every legislative assembly.

I shall illustrate the subject still further, by another instance of brutality; and, I trust, your readers will agree with me, that neither of these men are entitled to the appellation of sportsmen. The person alluded to having an excellent horse, that was deemed superior to the one he wanted to match it with, consented, in the delirium of intoxication, to load it with 18 stone for one heat in the morning, and with 16 stone for another in the afternoon of

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the same day, for fifty guineas! He was afterwards so sensible of his folly, that he offered thirty to be released from his engagement; but, as it was not accepted, in order to save the other twenty, he madly risked, or rather doomed, a horse to destruction, that was esteemed to be worth four times the whole bet! A saddle was accordingly loaded with eight stone of lead for the brutal occasion, and the result may easily be anticipated. The poor abused animal was so injured by the *first* heat, that it was with the utmost difficulty he was led back to the stable, attended by a groom, who was scarcely able to support the weight of the saddle! The conclusion of my story is suitable to the beginning, as the owner consoled himself for spoiling a valuable horse, by a cunning evasion of paying his bet, because his antagonist, a well known responsible neighbour, had neglected to deposit his stake on the course.

Having informed you how I would have punished the horse-gelder, I will only ask any compassionate man, how the two principals in this race ought to have been served.

I think I have now said enough to convince every man possessed of *humanity*, of the folly and absurdity of such idle pursuits; and it is my sincere wish, that it may soften the almost inflexible hearts of the description of persons I have had occasion to notice.

Wishing your Magazine every success which it is entitled to from the indefatigable industry of its proprietors, I remain a lover of humanity, although

A Sportsman.

July 14, 1794.

To the Editors *of the* Sporting Magazine.

GENTLEMEN,

CONSIDERING your publication as a *treasury of sporting knowledge*, I should presume any thing which has a tendency to *sport*, is entitled to your notice: the following short extract from Dr. Johnson's Tour with Mr. Boswell to the Hebrides, may probably entertain some of your readers, and none more than your wellwisher

S. W.

July 3, 1794.

" Dr. Johnson told us (says Mr. Boswell) at breakfast, that he rode harder at a fox-chase than any body." " The English (said he) are the only nation who ride hard a hunting. A Frenchman goes out upon a managed horse, and capers in the field, and no more thinks of leaping a hedge, than of mounting a breach. Lord Powerscourt laid a wager in France, that he would ride a great many miles in a certain short time. The French academicians set to work, and calculated, from the resistance of the air, it was impossible; his Lordship, however, performed it."

The Game *of* Ombre.

THIS celebrated game at cards is borrowed from the Spaniards, and played, by two, by three, or by five persons; but generally by three. When three play at this game, nine cards are dealt to each party; the whole ombre pack being only 40; because the eights, nines, and tens, are thrown out of the pack. There are two sorts of counters for

for stakes: the greater and the lesser; the last having the same proportion to the other as a penny to a shilling: of the greater counters, each man stakes one for the game; and one of the lesser for passing for the hand, when eldest, and for every card taken in; as to the order and value of the cards, the ace of spades, called *spadille*, is always highest trump, in whatever suit the trump be; the *manille*, or black deuce is the second; and the *basto*, or ace of clubs, is always the third: the next in order is, the king, the queen, the knave, the seven, the six, the five, four, and three. Of the black there are eleven trumps; of the red twelve. The least small cards of the red are always the best, and the most of the black; except the deuce and red seven, both of which are called the *manille*, and are always second when the red is a trump; the red ace, when a trump, enters into the fourth place, and is called *punto*; otherwise it is only called an *ace*. The three principal cards are called *matadores*, which have this privilege, that they are not obliged to attend an inferior trump when it leads; but for want of a small trump, the person may renounce trumps, and play any other card; and when they are all in the same hand, the others pay three of the greater counters a-piece; and with these three for a foundation, he may count as many matadores as he has cards in an uninterrupted series of trumps: for all which, the others are to pay one counter apiece. He who has the first hand is called *ombre*, and has his choice of playing the game, of naming his trumps, and of taking in as many, and as few cards as he pleases; and after him the second, &c. But if he does not name the trump before he looks on the cards he has taken in, any other may prevent him, by naming what trump he pleases: He that has the first hand should neither take in, nor play, unless he has at least three sure tricks in his hand; for, as he wins the game who wins most tricks, he that can win five of the nine has a sure game; which is also the case if he wins four, and can so divide the tricks, as that one person may win two, and the other three.

If a person plays without discarding, or changing any cards, this is called *playing sans prendre*; and if another wins more tricks than he, he is said to win *codille*. The oversights in the course of the game are called *beasts*; and if the ombre wins all the nine tricks, it is called *winning the vole*.

In ombre by five, which many, on account of its not requiring so close an attention, prefer to that by three, only eight cards apiece are dealt; and five tricks must be won, otherwise the ombre is beasted. Here, the person who undertakes the game, after naming the trump, calls a king to his assistance; upon which the person in whose hand the king is, without discovering himself, is to assist him as a partner, and to share his fate. If between both they can make five tricks, the ombre wins two counters, and the auxiliary king only one; but when the counters are even, they divide them equally. If the ombre venture the game without calling in any king, this too, is called *playing sans prendre*; in which case the other four are all against him, and he must win five tricks alone, or be beasted; the rest is much the same as by three.

*** The

*** *The following Account of the Splendid Spectacle exhibited at* DRURY-LANE THEATRE, *in honour of the Victory obtained by* LORD HOWE *over the French, we trust will be acceptable to our Readers.*

FETE OF TRIUMPH AND BENEVOLENCE.

WITH a most honourable zeal for the fame of the British Navy, the managers of this theatre prepared the most superb and interesting spectacle that any English theatre ever exhibited. The design was magnificent, and worthy the exalted mind of the proprietor of the house; for at the very close of the season, and when there was no means of converting it into any object of benefit for the theatre, such a splendid and expensive entertainment has been got up, as beggars both precedent and description. All the powers of writing, music, painting, fireworks, machinery, and dancing, have been combined to produce a spectacle becoming the national theatre, on an occasion of national triumph; and to crown the whole, every shilling of the receipts was given up (without abatement either for the particular charges of the night, or the current expences of the theatre) towards the fund for the widows and orphans of the brave sailors who fell on the first of June. The price of the tickets to the boxes was half-a-guinea; and the house, to the upper rows, was crowded with fashion and beauty. The fete was an æra in the history of the English stage, and will be recorded as an anecdote that would of itself give celebrity to a name, whose generosity is thus proved to be equal to his mental endowments. On this occasion, Mrs. Jordan sprung from her retreat with an alacrity that does credit to her heart; and, though oppressed by a cold that made her voice quite hoarse, enchanted the house by her acting, in the comedy of the Country Girl: after which the new entertainment was given. Mr. Cobb, with great felicity, has conceived an interesting story which introduces *The Glorious First of June*, with the happiest effect. A family have been reduced to the extremities of want by the death of their son, whose labours as a tar, contributed to their maintenance, and who had been killed in an action with the enemy some time before the opening of the piece. His comrade *William*, by the double inducement of friendship and love, determines to maintain the family; and he assumes the habit of a labourer, that he may be near to watch over, defend, and sustain them. In this situation he is found by another companion, *Robin*, who upbraids him with skulking from his duty as a tar, at a time when his country calls him for his arm. *William* tells him the cause of his withdrawing himself; and adds, that this family have not only need of his services to protect them from want, but from the persecutions of a wretched attorney, *Endless*, who is anxious to forward his amorous views on the daughter, by aggravating their distress in every way. *Robin* owns the reasons to be good, but says that every thing must give way to the call of their country; he gives his purse to the family, and determines himself to fight in *William's* stead.

We then come to *The Glorious First of June*, and such a scene the theatre

theatre never exhibited. The immense stage of Drury is turned into a sea, and the two fleets are seen manœuvring. Nothing can surpass the enchantment of this prospect. It is not the usual trifle of pasteboard ships. The vessels are large, perfect models of the real ships they represent, and made with such minute beauty, as to be worthy of a place in the most curious collection. All the manœvres of the day are executed with nautical skill; the lines are formed; they bear down on each other on the different tacks, and the action is fought—the firing is tremendous—ships are dismasted—boarded, taken, sunk, as on the real occasion, and the expance of sea affords a variety which it is not easy for the mind to conceive possible for mere scenic representation. The victory is obtained by the English, and the scene returns to the little interesting story, with which it was introduced. *Robin* enters with his arm in a sling—he finds that *William* has had his share in the action—and the family, having gone to the Commodore, find that he is determined to have a general rejoicing in the village, on account of the triumph of the British flag. The thought strikes him at the same time, that he will heighten the joy by making it contributory to benevolence, and he resolves to open a subscription for the benefit of the widows and orphans of the brave men who fell in the action; and this is recommended by four beautiful lines from Johnson:

"Yet then shall calm reflection bless the night,
"When liberal pity, dignified delight;
"When Pleasure fir'd her torch at Virtue's flame,
"And *mirth* was *bounty* with an humbler name."

The scene of the rejoicing is rapturous. There are all kinds of frolics, and mirth delights itself in a thousand whimsical ways, truly characteristic of the buxom humour of Englishmen. The opera dancers here unite their talents with those of the regular company of Drury-Lane. D'Egville has made a ballet, and with the two Hilligsbergs, Gentili, and Madame Del Caro, combine their graceful and sprightly powers to enrich the feast, which concludes with a fire-work.

Nor is this all: several eminent persons have thought it a worthy occasion to contribute their aid to the national fete. The Duke of Leeds writes one song; the Earl of Mulgrave another; the prologue comes from the chaste and classical pen of Mr. Richardson; and we are mistaken if we do not in many parts of the dialogue trace the eloquent pen of Mr. Sheridan himself. — The decorations are worthy of all the rest, and do infinite credit to the powers of the artists. While we praise the liberality and taste which presided over the whole of this beautiful piece, we lament for the public, that the season is so near a close as to prevent a tenth of the metropolis from seeing it.

⁂ *We have been favoured with two beautiful Songs written for the occasion, by the* DUKE *of* LEEDS *and* LORD MULGRAVE, *which our readers will find in our Poetical Department.*

The GAME LAWS *relating to* ANGLING *and* FRESH-WATER FISH.

ANY one may erect a fish pond without licence, because it is a matter of profit, and for the increase of victuals, 2 *Inst.* 199.

Respect.

Respecting the right and property of fish, it has been held, that where the lord of the manor has the soil on both sides of the river, it is good evidence that he has the right of fishing; but where the river ebbs and flows, and is an arm of the sea, there it is common to all, and he who claims a privilege to himself must prove it. In the Severn, the soil belongs to the owners of the land, on each side; and the soil of the river Thames is in the king, &c. but the fishing is common to all. 1 *Mod.* 105.

By the 3 *Ed.* I. *c.* 20, If any trespassers in ponds be thereof attainted at the suit of the party, great and large amends shall be awarded, according to the trespass; and they shall have three years imprisonment, and after shall make fine at the king's pleasure (if they have whereof), and then shall find good surety that after they shall not commit the like trespass: and if they have not whereof to make fine, after three years imprisonment, they shall find like surety; and if they cannot find like surety, they shall abjure the realm. If not sued within the year and day, the king shall have suit.

N. B. *Trespassers in ponds* are those who endeavour to take fish therein. 2 *Inst.* 200.

By the 5 *Eliz. c.* 21, it is enacted, That if any person shall unlawfully break, cut, or destroy, any head or dam of a fish-pond, or shall wrongfully fish therein, with intent to take and kill fish, he shall, on conviction at the suit of the king, or of the party, at the assizes or sessions, be imprisoned three months, and pay treble damages; and, after the expiration of the three months, shall find securities for his good abearing for seven years, or remain in prison till he doth. *s.* 2, 6.

The 22 and 23 C. II *c.* 29, recites that, Whereas divers idle, disorderly, and mean persons betake themselves to the stealing, taking, and killing of fish, out of ponds, pools, moats, stews, and other several waters and rivers, to the great damage of the owners thereof, it therefore enacts, that if any person shall use any net, angle, hair, noose, troll, or spear; or shall lay any wears, pots, fish-hooks, or other engines; or shall take any fish by any means or device whatsoever, or be aiding thereunto, in any river, stew, pond, moat, or other water, *without the consent of the lord, or owner of the water*, and be thereof convicted by confession, or oath of one witness, before one justice, in one month after the offence; every such offender in stealing, taking, or killing fish, shall, for every such offence, give to the party injured such recompence, and in such time, as the justice shall appoint, not exceeding treble damages; and shall also pay to the overseers, for the use of the poor, such sum, not exceeding 10s. as the justice shall think meet: in default of payment, to be levied by distress; and for want of distress, to be committed to the house of correction, for any time not exceeding one month, unless he enter into bond with one surety to the party injured, not exceeding 10l. never to offend in like manner. *s.* 7.

And the justice may take, cut, and destroy, all such angles, spears, hairs, nooses, trolls, wears, pots, fish-hooks, nets, or other engines, wherewith such offender shall be apprehended. *Same stat. s.* 8

Any person who shall think himself aggrieved, may appeal to the next sessions, whose determination

nation shall be final, if no title to any land, royalty, or fishery, be therein concerned. *s.* 9.

In the case of *K. v. Mallinson, M.* 32, *G.* 2, A conviction for taking and killing fish, not setting forth that the defendant had *not the consent of the owner*, was adjudged bad; for, by the court, the offence provided against by this act, is *stealing* fish; that is, taking them *without the consent of the owner*. But the man here is not convicted of any offence, for he is not charged with stealing, nor even with taking and killing the fish of another person, or in another person's pond. It may be his own pond, and the fish may be his own, for any thing that is stated to the contrary: the conviction was therefore quashed. *Burr. Mans.* 679.

By the 4 and 5 *W. c.* 23, *s.* 5, 6, No person shall have or keep any net, angle, leap, piche, or other engine for the taking of fish, other than the makers and sellers thereof, and other than the owner and occupier of a river, or fishery; and except fishermen and their apprentices lawfully authorised in navigable rivers. And the owner or occupier of the river or fishery, and every other person by him appointed, may seize, detain, and keep to his own use, every net, angle, leap, piche, and other engine, which he shall find used or laid, or in the possession of any person fishing in any river or fishery, without the consent of the owner or occupier thereof. And any person authorised by a justice's warrant, may, in the day-time, search the houses, out-houses, and other places of any person thereby prohibited to have, or keep the same, who shall be suspected to have in his custody or possession any net, angle, leap, piche, or other engine aforesaid; and seize and keep the same to his own use, or cut or destroy the same, as things prohibited by this act to be kept, by persons of their degree.

(To be continued.)

COURT OF KING'S BENCH.

RECENT DECISION RESPECTING AN UNSOUND HORSE.

FITZHERBERT *v.* REIDET.

THIS was an action to recover back from the defendant, who is a horse-dealer, the sum of 35 guineas, which he had received for a bay horse, which he warranted sound, but which turned out to be unsound.

It appeared in evidence, that this horse had a sancrack in the inside of the near foot; that the plaintiff observed it before he purchased the horse, but the defendant said it was of no consequence. Mr. Reidet desired Mr. Fitzherbert's groom not to shoe the horse for eight or ten days, but to give him gentle physic. The groom, however, took this horse the next day to a smith of the name of Cartwright, to have him shod; but the smith told him he would not shoe him, as he had a very decent sancrack, and asked the groom of whom he purchased him. He told him of Mr. Reidet. In two or three days after the plaintiff purchased this horse, the groom met the defendant in Oxford-road, who asked him how his master liked that horse. The groom said, his master had some faults with him. The plaintiff returned the horse the sixth day after the purchase. The defendant refused to return the money, and said, he should only

only keep the horse ten days, and then advertise him, and sell him for what he could get for him, and reimburse himself.

Lord Chief Justice.—"Gentlemen, I am almost sorry I do not feel myself justified in my conscience to advise you to give larger damages than 35 guineas, the sum paid for the horse; but this defendant, who has endeavoured to corrupt the servant of a gentleman, is an extremely dishonest, knavish man."—Verdict for plaintiff—36l. 15s.

For the SPORTING MAGAZINE.

IT has long been supposed that the mule was barren, but the contrary has been proved in several instances, though they are rare, and the production of the mule is neither so strong, nor so long-lived as its parents.

St. Domingo has afforded three instances of fruitful mules: the first produced a foal in October, 1771, at the habitation of M. Verron, at Terreins Rouges, which lived till June, 1776; the second foaled at La Petite Anse, the plantation of M. Noord, in 1774, but the young animal died soon; the third event happened in 1788, at La Grande Riviere, the habitation of M. Gouivon; the fœtus is in the cabinet of the Society of Arts, &c. at Cape François.

The free martin, as it is called, has likewise been supposed to be barren. The free martin is the female twin of a cow when the twins are of each sex. The late Mr. John Hunter pronounced the free martin an hermaphrodite; but we have an instance of one of these producing a calf, the owner of it was a Mr. Brock, in North Tanton, near Barnstaple, in Devonshire, and who has verified the fact in the most ample manner. This instance, joined to those covering the mule, shows that nature, anxious for the continuation of its species, sometimes deviates even from her exceptions. In the case of the mule, we see her, however, equally anxious to avoid confusion; for if the mule is ever pregnant, her offspring is not likely to be so.

Various EXPRESSIONS *in* HUNTING *elucidated.*

To the EDITORS *of the* SPORTING MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

READING, the other day, an old French treatise upon hunting, the title whereof is *La Venerie de Jacques du Fouilloux, à Paris,* 1573, I was much entertained with the singularity of his notions, and the great eulogiums he had penned in honour of the chase. In hopes it may likewise amuse some of your readers, the following notes are extracted from that book; which, to the best of my knowledge, has never been translated, and is probably very scarce. In his dedication to Charles IX. of France, he observes, that men in all ages have given themselves up to various pursuits; some to high, or occult sciences; some have recreated their minds by the study of philosophy; and others have servilely stooped to the mechanic arts, in order to gain worldly riches, or to gratify their innate avarice. From these premises he infers, that the attending to such exercises as will promote health, vigour, and jocundity, are highly commendable; amongst

amongst which none are comparable in his estimation to the delights of the chase. "These, (he says) have added strength to my youth, with the hopes of the same longevity which my ancestors enjoyed by their strong attachment to it." In his address to the French gentry of that time, he stiles the diversion, "a most *delectable labeur*, a polite exercise," and affirms that "hunters are a set of men the least to be accused of indolence." By hunting, he means the grand parade of forcing the stag, or running the wild boar. The fox and the hare occupy a mnch inferior station, which he considers only as a *menu divertissement*, notwithstanding he allows hare hunting to be a pleasant amusement, and free from danger; but he seems totally unacquainted with the ardour of our modern fox-chase; and his reynard figures in the same rank with wolves, badgers, otters, &c. There is much humour in his remarks on the character and convivial disposition of a true sportsman, whose noble occupation, he says, exhilirates the mind, gives agility to the body, and strength to the appetite; maintaining, how true I cannot say, that it lessens our natural propensity to evil, increasing courage and resolution for dangerous exploits. He reckons Xenophon and Appian as writers upon this subject; among the Latins, the poet Grotius, Pope Adrian VI. with many others of more modern date; and concludes by observing, that the lovers of Diana frequently become the most intrepid sons of Mars.

Such is the substance, and in some places the direct words of *Monsieur du Fouilloux, Seigneur de Gaſtine en Poitou*; but the stile of our *Poitouin* is too obsolete to bear a literal translation; I have therefore, only endeavoured to preserve a specimen of the original. This book to all appearance may be valuable, and my supposition is grounded on having observed it inquired for by an advertisement in a country newspaper, which circulates around a celebrated hunt. This is not to be wondered at, as it contains a number of curative receipts respecting dogs, and also embellished with a great variety of neat wooden cuts. It has likewise thrown some light, in my opinion, upon our hunting exclamations, such as *tallio*, or *tally ho*, *hoix*, *hark forward*: these are borrowed from French words, which appear in this book under musical notes. The first is *tyahillaut*, or *thia-hillaud*; the second is derived from *haut icy*, or *haut iccy*: thirdly, *forheur*, or *fortheur*, is the huntsman's cry, thus, *a qui forheur*. These words are mere sounds, with little or no meaning, yet their etymology has often embarrassed me; but, allowing for our frequent corruption of French terms, I think their derivation is here plainly made out. *Halloo!* for the same reason originates from *ha! le loup*, or *au loup*, or *à lou loup*, wolves being formerly common in England as well as on the continent, and this word served as a shout to set the dogs on a pursuit; which expression continues in use to this day, though no wolves be found either in Great Britain or Ireland, since the time that a premium was ordered by law for their destruction.

I am,

Your humble servant,

OBSERVATOR.

June 10, 1794.

Jockey Clergyman.

HIPPONEUS is a young man of fortune, lately admitted into orders; and, as the habit of a clergyman is a passport into the best of companies, Hipponeus is visited by the most respectable families of that part of the country in which he resides. But Hipponeus's pleasure is seated in his stable, in which he is more nice than in the œconomy of his household. If you call upon him in a morning, he is out airing his horses; or should you chance to call upon him in an evening, he is with his stud. If one of his horses are sick, you may perceive it in the dejection of his countenance; or shall they, on the contrary, be all in health and high condition, the eager glee of approbation enlivens his whole features: thus this young man's pleasures are regulated by the diary of his stable. Hipponeus is a constant attendant at Newmarket, and by his frequent conversation with jockies and sharpers, has attained to the happy imitation of the completest on the turf. He is constantly buying and selling horses, and it is allowed that he thoroughly understands (what is termed by dealers) *making up a horse.* Nay, Hipponeus is never so happy as when he can (in the language of jockies) take in a friend. It was but the other day that Philotius applied to him to procure him a tractable jade; for Philotius is one of those who prefer an easy seat to a prancing steed with a probability of being thrown from the saddle. Hipponeus promised his best endeavours, and as one of his own horses had not turned out thoroughly to his satisfaction, he thought it the luckiest time possible to accommodate his friend. Philotius took the horse on the recommendation of Hipponeus, and in a few days it proved unfit for use; and now Hipponeus congratulates himself on his superior judgment in *horse-flesh.*

On the Game *of* Whist.

WHIST is a game pretty equally dependent upon chance and judgment. The English have the honour of its invention, and it has for many years continued to be much in fashion all over Europe.

Of all the games at cards, it is the most judicious in its principles, the most suitable to society, the most difficult, the most interesting, the most animating, and is more combined with art than any other.

It is infinitely more judicious in its principles than Le Reversi, and more adapted to society; as one knows beforehand what one may lose at a game, and one is not made a sacrifice at every instant to lying compliments. Here no despotical prerogative is given to any single card, and no perpetual dictator is set up, like the formidable spadille, and the cursed quinola.

Whist is far from maliciously spurring the imagination after a lure that is contradictory to common sense, as Le Reversi does. The progress of whist is natural; those who make the most points and hands obtain the victory, as in all reason and equity they should. It is the rule in all serious games, and particularly that of the game of kings, too well known by their subjects under the name of war.

Whist is more difficult than piquet, since it is played with all the

the cards. As the partners do not speak, do not consult one another, do not see, nor reciprocrally know the strength or the weakness of their hands; they must guess at it by their sagacity, and conduct themselves in consequence.

Whist is more interesting, more animating than any other game at cards, by the multiplicity of combinations that feed and employ the mind;—by the vicissitude of the events which keep it under check; by the surprise, agreeable or unwelcome, on seeing the small cards make tricks against all expectation; in short, by the hopes and fears that, to the very half moment, successively agitate the soul.

Add to all this, that the duration of this game employs the just medium between the two extremities; its length is amply sufficient to allow of the renewal of the rubbers two or three times in an evening, and of changing the actors and partnerships, which reanimates the courage of those who have lost, without distressing the conquerors, who re-enter the lists on their games.

In a word, whist is a game in all respects most ingeniously contrived; a game perfectly adapted to English heads, accustomed to reflect, to calculate and combine in silence.

In this game, as in war, and at court, we must arrange our batteries, pursue one fixed design, baffle the schemes of our adversaries, conceal our intentions, and run hazards when necessary. Sometimes with indifferent cards well managed, we win tricks. One while the most skilful carries the day, and one while the most lucky. For the honours which here dispense success, often triumph over all your abilities, and will ravish from you the victory which you see flying from your hands under the wings of the capricious goddess.

England, victorious in the four quarters of the world, at once bestowed on France a generous peace and the knowledge of this delightful game, for which they seem to have an extravagant relish. Fond of novelties, they received the gift with transport; captivated with frivolous amusements of the mind, and finding whist of that number, they religiously adopted all its laws, and observe them with the utmost punctuality; excepting that, perhaps, of silence, which is so highly repugnant to their vivacity, and their utter abhorrence to shut the door of their lips.

The chances or hazards of this game have been calculated by the greatest mathematicians of England, and M. de Moivre did not disdain to bestow his attention on them. He found:

1. That there are 27 chances against 2, or thereabouts, that the dealer and his partner will not have the four honours.

2. That there are 23 against 1, or thereabouts, that the eldest hand will not have the four honours.

3. That there are 8 against 1, or thereabouts, that neither on one side nor the other there will be the four honours.

4. That there are 13 against 7, or thereabouts, that the two who give the cards, will not reckon the honours.

5. That there are 25 against 16, or thereabouts, that the honours will not be equally divided.

The same mathematician also determines that the chances in favour of the partners that have already eight points of the game, if they give the cards, against those who

who have nine points, are near about as 17 to 11. But if those who have eight of the game are eldest hand, the chances will be as 34 to 29.

Several problems are proposed on this game, and particularly this, the precise solution whereof would shed abundance of light on several others of like nature.

To find the chance that he who gives the cards will have four trumps:

One trump being certain, the problem is reduced to this: To find what probability there is that in drawing at hazard, 12 cards out of 51, of which 12 are trumps, and 39 are not trumps, 3 of the 12 will will be trumps.

We shall find by the rule of M. de Moivre, that the sum total of chances for him who deals the cards = 92, 770, 723, 800; and that the total of the chances for drawing 12 cards out of 51 = 158, 753, 389, 900. The difference of these two numbers = 65, 982, 666, 100. The chances then will be as 9277, &c. to 6598, &c.

Now we may calculate the chance of three players who have 10, 11, or 12 trumps, of the number of 39 cards; then we shall find that the total of the chances for getting 10, 11, or 12 trumps in 39 cards = 65, 982, 666, 100; and that all the chances of the number of 51 cards = 158, 753, 389, 900. The difference = 92, 770, 723, 800 = all the chances in favour of him who deals, and the chances will be 9277, &c. to 6598, &c. as above.

The mathematicians, after having found the last precision of the calculation by a great number of figures, have sought out, and shewn the proportions that come nearest the truth, produced by the least number of figures; and this is what is called the mode of approximation, with which we must be contented in practice. If it be asked, for example, what is the parity of chances, that a player at this game shall have three cards of a certain colour, they answer, by the way of approximation, that there is about 682 to bet against 22, or about 22 against 1, that he will not have them.

Pheasant-Hawking.

HAWKING has been noticed by us in several of our former numbers; and the different species of that bird amply described. We have only, therefore, now to point out the best methods to be adopted by the sportsman, in pursuing his favourite amusement of pheasant-hawking, which we doubt not will be acceptable to the generality of our readers.

Pheasant-hawking is a rural diversion, managed with a goshawk in coverts, of which none but those of a strong and able body, with spirit and courage, are fit; for this flight is different from that in the champagne fields, where the hawk and the game are always in sight: so that you are to take her to the pheasant and such sort of fowl, that always frequent the woods, coverts, and obscure places, which hinders the sight, that should be your guide in the flight. For the better effecting of this, you must be very circumspect as to the place you first enter in, to the end she may be well guarded, and kept from taking any dislike or offence at the dogs, which if she does at the first entrance, it will be difficult to bring her to endure them again; therefore, to divert any such ill quality at first, she must be better managed, followed

lowed, and governed, than in the field; so that if you would have her make a perfect hawk, and to be bold and venturous in thick woods, with the falconer, the dogs, and the game, you must make a good choice of the time, place, and dogs.

The time should be early in the year, about *January*, *February*, or *March*, before the approach of the leaf; but the best months for pheasant-hawking, are *November*, *December*, and *January*, after which you must be preparing her for the mew, that she may be early mewed, to fly in the field the next season for partridges.

Having made choice of the place to fly your hawk in, and that you have let her go into her flight, be sure to command your dogs behind you until you have found her; and if she has killed the game, it is sufficient: if not, but that you find her on the ground, out of an eagerness of the sport, (as many will be at the first entrance) if there be any tree that she may well see from it, set her thereon, otherwise keep her on your fist, and beat for it aguin; then if she flies and kills it, keep the dogs back until you have found her, and suffer her to plume and take her pleasure for a time; then gently call in your dogs and walk about her, encouraging her with your voice, that she may be acquainted with the noise; and when you see it convenient, stoop to it upon your knees, and rending the chaps, give her blood in the throat, which will much please her; pare away also the hard brain-pan from the rest, and give her the head in her foot to eat, the ground hiding the body from her; then having your dog (which must be under great command) close by when she has done, and begins to look about her, then throw the pheasant amongst them, that she may, together with some words of rebuke from you, make them give way with fear to her; but let them be in her sight, and having sufficiently taken her pleasure, take the pheasant gently from her, leaving the head in her foot, and let her eat it on the ground where the quarry lay, only reserving a little to take her to your fist; then put on her hood and reward her, by which means you will much win her love to you. She will, according to these directions, with a good keeper, fair flying, and two or three staunch spaniels, be brought in a short time, to good perfection in this sport. Again, in order to embolden your hawk, to make her take a pheasant from the perch with courage, observe the directions following:—Before you fly her, provide a dead pheasant, or live one, which is best; take it with you into the wood, and when you are disposed to call your hawk for her supper, and as she is drawing and attending after you for the same, having a convenient pole ready for your purpose, call your spaniels about you to make them bay, and suddenly breaking the neck of the pheasant, lift it up on a bough, that the hawk may have a sight of it, and with your voice call and encourage her to come in and seize it, and if she pulls it down, be sure that you rebuke the dogs in such manner, and keep them so at command, that they give her way at her descending, and that she may plume and take her pleasure thereon, which will so embolden her in a small time, that when she sees a pheasant take perch, she will immediately seize it and pull it down;

nor

nor will she be afraid of the dogs, for when they are once managed and brought into good subjection, they will know their duty, and be fearful of transgressing, so that if you are absent you may venture them; but remember, by all means, to have no strange dogs, for one may spoil your sport, by drawing the rest into errors, and causing them to hunt after any thing; nor is it convenient to hunt with many spaniels, for two or three couple is enough to range and beat about a large wood, and to perch a pheasant.

*** *The following Extract from a Work lately published, entitled* DOMESTIC ANECDOTES *of the* FRENCH COURT, *will, we doubt not, be acceptable to our readers.*

EQUESTRIAN *and* PEDESTRIAN SPORTS *in* FRANCE *about the Year* 1776.

"ABOUT the year 1776, (says the writer of these anecdotes) there prevailed a great passion for horse racing: it was the *Anglomania.* Great bets were depending at every course, and the noblemen turned jockies, and rode their own racers. When the Count de Lauragais, a dissipated young nobleman, appeared at court, after a long residence in England, the king coldly inquired where he had been for some time?"—"In England," the Count replied.—"What did you do there?"—"I learnt there, please your majesty, to *think*"—"of *horses,*" retorted the king.

"The nation, indeed, frivolous as they were, saw with indignation the behaviour of the Duke de Chartres (Egalité) and the Count d'Artois. These princes not only associated with their grooms, and entered into all those scandalous combinations which this species of gaming offers, but treated the people at the courses with the most ineffable contempt and savage ferocity. With singular activity they used their whips on the spectators as well as on their horses; and not only encouraged the officers to persecute the crowd, but employed such grossnes of speech, and offensive oaths, that shewed these princes were not unskilled in the language of the vilest part of the nation.

"It was an edifying spectacle to see the Duke of Lauzern running against M. de Fenelon; the last fell from his horse, broke his arm, and lost his wager. The same gentleman betted with another nobleman, who could reach Versailles and return to Paris the quickest in a single-horse chaise: the horse of the first died at Seve, and the other expired in the stable at Paris, a few hours after his return.

"These frivolous and debauched courtiers, not satisfied with exercising their inhumanity on their horses, exposed themselves to the derision of Paris, by other kinds of races. The Duke de Chartres, the Duke de Lauzan, and the Marquis Fitzjames, betted five hundred louis who could first reach Versailles on foot. Lauzan gave up the foot race about half way; Chartres about two-thirds; Fitzjames arrived in an exhausted state, and was saluted as conqueror by the Count d'Artois. He, however, like a hero nearly expiring in the arms of victory, called for a bed, and got his wager and an asthma. It was in this manner the princes of the blood, the descendants of Henry

Henry the Great, passed their days; and it was thus they gave to a despairing and oppressed people, those hopes of prosperity and amendment which now became, at every hour, necessary to sustain their exhausted misery, and to still their frequent murmurs.

"We observe, afterwards, that, not satisfied with horse and foot-racing by the courtiers, the queen had others by *asses*. She animated, by her presence, the countrymen in the neighbourhood, and the winner had, for his reward, three hundred livres and a golden thistle; allusive to the plant to which *asses* are partial."

NATURAL HISTORY *of the* BUSTARD; *including some Account of the Mode of Hunting them with Greyhounds, &c.*

THIS is the largest land-bird which is a native of Europe. It was formerly much more numerous than it is at present; but the increased cultivation of the country, and the extreme delicacy of its flesh, has greatly thinned the species. Perhaps it would have been extirpated long before this, had it not been for the peculiarity of its manner of feeding. It inhabits only the open and extensive plain, where its food is abundantly supplied; and where every invader may be perceived at a distance.

The weight of this bird is from about ten to twenty-seven pounds: some of them have even exceeded thirty. The bustard is distinguished from the ostrich, the touyou, the cassowary, and the dodo, by its wings, which, though disproportioned to the size of its body, serve to elevate it into the air, and enable it to fly, but not without some difficulty: they are generally about four feet from the tip of one to the other. The neck is a foot in length, and the legs a foot and an half. The head and neck of the male are ash-coloured, and the back is barred transversely with black, bright, and rush-colour. The largest quill feathers are black; the belly white; and the tail, consisting of twenty feathers, is marked with broad black bars.

Plutarch informs us, that the bustard is found in Lybia, in the environs of Alexandria, in Syria, Greece, Spain, and France; in the plains of Poitou and Champagne: they are often seen in flocks of fifty, or upwards, in the extensive downs of Salisbury Plain, in the heaths of Sussex and Cambridgeshire, the Dorsetshire uplands, and as far as East Lothian, in Scotland.

In those extensive plains, where the sportsman cannot conceal himself in woods or hedges, the bustard enjoys an indolent security. They feed on the berries which grow among the heath, and the large earth-worms which appear in great quantities on the downs, before sun rising, in summer. In vain the fowler attempts to creep forward to approach them; they have always faithful centinels placed on proper eminences, to watch, and warn the flock, on the smallest appearance of alarm or danger.

But though these animals are seldom in any danger from the gun, they are frequently run down by greyhounds. Naturally voracious and greedy, they sometimes sacrifice their safety to their appetite, and become so fat, that they are unable to fly without great preparation. When the greyhound, therefore, comes within a certain distance, the

the bustard runs off flapping its wings, and endeavouring to get air enough under him to rise: in the mean time the enemy makes his rapid approaches, and the bird has not time to owe his safety to its flight; it therefore continues on foot till it has got a sufficient way before the dog, for flight, or till it is overtaken.

We are told by Ælian that there is no contrivance so simple as not to fit for the capture of the bustard: he also relates that, in the kingdom of Pontus, the foxes made use of a curious stratagem to take them: the fox elevated his bushy tail, and with it imitated, as much as possible, the motions of the bird's neck: the bustards (continues he) which mistook it for a bird of their species, approached it without apprehension, and became the prey of that crafty animal. All this, however, supposes infinite cunning in the fox, infinite stupidity in the bird, and perhaps infinite credulity in the writer.

As there are few places where they can find proper security and food, they generally continue near their old haunts, and are seldom seen wandering above twenty or thirty miles from their home. Their provision is replete with moisture, which enables them to live upon these dry plains (where there are hardly any springs of water) a considerable time without drinking. Nature has also furnished the males with an admirable magazine, for their security against thirst; it is a pouch, the entrance of which lies immediately under the tongue, and is sufficiently capacious to hold about seven quarts of water. This is, doubtless, filled upon proper occasions, to supply the hen when sitting, or the young till they become capable of flying.

To answer the purpose of a nest, they scrape a hole in the earth, and sometimes line it with a little long grass or straw. The hen lays but two eggs, which are, in size, like those of the goose, though of a pale olive-brown colour, marked with darker spots. She sits about thirty days, and her young run about as soon as they are delivered from the shell.

When the persecuted mother is apprehensive of the hunters, and disturbed from her nest, she is said to take her eggs under her wings, and convey them to a place of safety. It is certain, however, that, following the instinct of all the birds of its kind, it usually makes its nest in the corn, where there is not a probability of its being much disturbed.

Besides the delicacy of the bustard's flesh, the quills are valuable for making pens; and they are much esteemed by anglers, who use them as floats; for, being spotted with black, these spots are supposed to appear as flies to the fish, and are consequently alluring to them.

That which is called the little bustard, differs but in size from the preceding; its magnitude is about equal to that of the pheasant, and its length about seventeen inches. This species is found in many parts of Europe, though it is by no means common in France, and has not been seen above three or four times in England.

There are six or seven species of foreign birds of this kind: among these are the rhaad and the houbara, both African birds, and both crested: they are also different from ours by some varieties in their plumage The bustard is not known in America.

THE

FEAST OF WIT;

OR,

SPORTSMAN'S HALL.

TWO Irish porters happening to meet in Dame-street, Dublin, one says to the other, "Mac Shane, how are you, my dear creature?"—"Why, upon my soul, I hardly know, but pretty tightish as the times go."—"Pray, have you seen our old friend Pat Murphy, lately?"—"No, by Jasus, (replies he) and I am very much afraid *I shall never see him again.*" —"How so?"—"Why, he has met with a very unfortunate accident lately."—"What the Devil was it?" inquires Mac Shane.—"Nothing more than this, my dear: As he was standing on a *plank*, talking devoutly to a priest, at a place in London, which I think they call the Old Bailey, the *plank* suddenly gave way, and by the holy Jasus, Murphy got his *neck broke!*"

The frequent prayers put up at present in the churches for rain, remind us of the honest west-country parson, who, when desired, at a time like the present, to pray for rain, answered, "I'll willingly do it to oblige you: but it is to no purpose *while the wind is in this quarter.*"

An honest farmer, who reads the bible every Sunday (according to the custom of better times), came lately to his rector, and asked him, "Whether this war would not *go hard* with the French?" The doctor said, "If it pleased God, he hoped it would."—"Nay," says the farmer, "I am sure it will then: for thus he declares by his prophet Ezekiel, ch. xxxv. ver. 2. '*Son of man! set thy face against Mount-Seir.*' —Now, my wife, who is a better *scholard nor I am*, says this can mean nothing but *Mounsier*, the Frenchman. And in almost the next verse it is stronger than that, for there, doctor, the prophet adds, '*O Mount-Seir! I will make thee desolate!*'"

A paper has been lately handed about, entitled, "*The Recruiting Sergeant,*" in which the *hero of the halberd* has assumed a new character, and instead of inviting his brave countrymen to join his standard, enlist in his invincible troop, *advance* against the foe, and learn to *conquer* like *Marlborough*, he recommends it to all prudent young men, who wish to see the world without any danger of molestation, to

follow him to the continent, where they may learn to *retreat* like *Fabius.*

SINGULAR CURIOSITIES IN THE PRESENT HOUSE OF COMMONS.

A *Church*, a *Fane*, and *Adeane.*
St. John with a *Hussey* and two *Bastards.*
Two *Hills*, a *Lake*, with a couple of *Drakes.*
A *Milbanke*, *Mills*, and a *Miller.*
A *Gardener*, with *Rose Banks*, and a *Lemon.*
A *Wood*, with a *Cave*, a *Woodhouse*, a *Brooke*, and a *Pitt.*
A *Mann*, with a *Hunter*, a *Fox*, and a *Hare.*
Two *Taylors*, with a *Webb* and a *Yarde.*
A *Baker*, with a *Rolle* and *Whitebread.*
An *Orchard*, with a *Bullock* and *Cocks.*
A *Barne*, with a *Fydell* and *Dance.*
Several *Smiths*, a *Plumer*, a *Glover*, and a *Turner.*
A *Sergent*, with a *Pole*, and *Fellows*, *Browne*, and *Grey.*

A fashionable female carried a joke rather too far with a Noble Lord, a few nights ago, at the Opera-house, by throwing a bottle of lavender in his face, which has endangered the sight of one eye. The apology was, "My dear *sweet-scented* Lord, pray cast one glance of forgiveness from your tender eye, and let the sweet *perfume* of your breath administer to my evaporating spirits the cheering balm of your pardon."

A newspaper politician has proposed to recruit the army, by laying a tax of twenty pounds per annum on every male servant. "This, (says he) will force their masters to discharge them, and to take females in their places, and maids may ride behind a coach as well as men."

There is a *club* of *women* held at the White Lion, in Wem, Salop. They meet monthly, club sixpence to the box, and two-pence to the beer-barrel.

The following is a literal copy of their fifth printed article:—

"*Any member that presumes to curse, swear, lay wagers, promote gaming, or reflect on any other's birth, country, religion, or circumstances, shall forfeit three-pence.*

"*Any one who comes into the club-room disguised in liquor, and is not silent when she is commanded by one or both of the stewardesses, shall forfeit* TWO-PENCE."

Thus, what the philosophers of all ages, and all countries, have in vain been attempting, is reserved for the honour of the Wemites of the eighteenth century: namely, the stopping of a *woman's tongue.*

Mr. Erskine, after descanting, a few days since, in the Court of King's Bench, on the mal-practice of an attorney in Kent, admitted at the same time, that the defendant was a man well calculated to preserve the *harmony* of the county, having been for some time employed as a *fifer* in the Berkshire militia.

ANECDOTE.

Mr. Newton, when formerly captain of a Guinea trader, charging one of his negroes with a theft, the latter denied it. The master doubting the veracity of his slave, this poor, dark, untutored, uncivilized creature, whom we proud Europeans will hardly admit in the same scale of creation with ourselves, reflecting on what he had witnessed in the conduct

conduct of our *religious* slave-traders, replied with a look of contempt, "*Do you think I am a Christian?*"

The active troops of those dreaded commanders, the Sherriffs of London and Middlesex, so completely blockaded every pass to the citadel of *New Drury*, on Wednesday last, that *General Palmer* found it impossible to make a sally with the most remote prospect of success, in order to shift his quarters for the summer campaign; in consequence of which, a council of war was held, in which it was determined, that art must effect what force was inadequate to. A *cart* was sent for, and immediately loaded with the cases brought on the stage in the PRIZE, in one of which the dramatic veteran was snugly packed; over these were placed some scenery, &c. In this manner he was brought in safety to the Haymarket Theatre, without sustaining the least personal injury, except *a pain in the chest!*

If a stranger steps into a coffee-house, or club-room, on a Sunday evening, would he not suppose he had gone into a meeting of stable-boys?

"That's a pretty mare of your's, Mr. Solemn."—"Yes, 'tis a tight-going thing, Mr. Stupid."—"How did your horse carry you to-day, Mr. Allfat?" "Vastly well, Mr. Numbscull; clean over the stones; not a stumble."—"What will you take for your bay, Mr. Bowbells?" "Wou'dn't part with him for fifty guineas, Mr. Cockney."—"My horse, Sir, I'll tell you a good story of my horse; as I was *a-riding* down Garrat-lane, &c."—"Vastly well, indeed, Mr. Calve's-head."—"I'll tell you, though, a very good thing of my mare; as I was *a-riding* by the Devil and Bag-o-nails" —"Ah! ha! ha! very well, very well, Mr. Addlepate."—"That's a dead good one, Billy"—"Bet you a crown mine trots with your's for six miles"—"Done, Bob"—"D—n me, I'll take Jack's mare against the world"—"Ay, Tom." —&c. &c. &c.

The following advertisement is copied verbatim from a morning print:—"Wanted to purchase, by a clergyman, a living in a fine *sporting* country, where the duty is *light*, and the neighbourhood *convivial!*"

L. Magabenus, a physician, reports that in Russia there is an animal called Filfros; Rosomach; or, according to Cardan, the Glutton: any person wearing a part of its skin, &c. immediately finds an increase of appetite, seldom or never satisfied. The Empress of Russia, it is said, wears a muff made of this animal's fur.

A SPANISH PLAY BILL.

To the Sovereign of Heaven—to the Mother of the Eternal Word—to the Polar Star of Spain—to the Comforter of all Spain—to the faithful Protectress of the Spanish nation—to the honour and glory of the most holy Virgin Mary; for her benefit, and for the propagation of her worship, the company of Comedians will this day give a representation of the comic piece called Nanine.

The celebrated Italian will also dance the Fandango, and the theatre will be superbly illuminated.

BAT

Bat Horses.

THE new plan of carrying the soldiers tents on the backs of horses, will be attended with vast expence. One bat horse is allowed to each tent, which, with its 12 hammocks, blankets, pack-saddles, &c. weighs, when put up *perfectly dry*, more than 300 weight. To a regiment of 500 men, there are 44 horses, independent of these, that carry the officers' tents, baggage, &c. The horses stand at the pickets, and have their packs &c. piled up in the rear of each horse, to be ready for moving the camps at a moment's warning.

The bat horses purchased by government for the camp, have most of them dwelt the *best* part of their lives in London. The contractors shewed themselves liberal men, and set an example worthy to be imitated in other departments of life: for though allowed large sums to procure the horses, beauty was seldom attended to, nor was youth ever preferred to *old age*. Designed to carry heavy burdens, it was enough that they were tall and bony. As speedy marches might occur in the course of the campaign, they were sent down *tolerably* lean, and every possible precaution has been since taken to prevent their falling *into fat*. 14lb. of bad hay, and 10lb. of poor oats, is the daily allowance of each horse. However, as most of them have fed on grains for many years after they had lost their teeth, and could not eat hay, even if it was good, there is enough on *an average* for them all. The wretched colour of the hay is of no consequence in the eyes of these horses, as they are *al. blind!*

The horses standing all day on the burning shingle, is thought by the farriers to be an admirable remedy for their old lamenesses, arising from battered hoofs and founders.

Those who calculated that 300lb. is *as much* as a good horse can well carry on his back, *wisely* considered that the tents must be struck and packed up perfectly dry, but no allowance is made if the tents are struck in heavy rain, nor how they are then to be carried. If, however, the horses are able to move under them, and that expedition is required, they will not be impeded by their bellies, as they are already drawn up to their *backbones*.

The person sent down to see the horses fed, has an allowance of eight shillings per day, as he himself declared, "*for overlooking the forage*."

A Modest Apology *in* Defence *of* Gaming.

To the Editors *of the* Sporting Magazine.

GENTLEMEN,

I HAVE seen many essays and other productions concerning gaming, but have never yet met with one in its favour; for the sake of novelty, therefore, I have taken up the pen to see what can be said in its defence. I shall advance nothing but what will admit of a fair argument, or mention any facts but what can be well attested. Nevertheless, if any of your ingenious correspondents should differ with me in opinion, by pointing out any error that I may have fallen into, I should be willing to retract, and acknowledge the obligation: but,

but, without farther preface, to the point.

It must be allowed, that a great number of manufacturers and mechanics are employed in producing various constructions, instruments, and implements used at different games, such us cards, dice, backgammon tables, billiard-tables, rackets, balls, bats, &c. &c. These artizans would, if unemployed, in their different vocations, become a burthen to the public, or a pest to society.

The duties imposed on cards and dice, produce a very considerable revenue, which must cease, if those implements were not so generally used.

Most games are agreeable relaxations from business, and many of them salutary exercises, tending to promote and preserve health: such as tennis, cricket, billiards, &c. some of which have been prescribed by the faculty in various cases, and often proved efficacious.

Gaming is certainly a relaxation from the fatigues of the mind as well as the body, and banishes that *ennui* of which Lord Chesterfield so severely complains, and which he never was afflicted with, whilst he was fond of play.

It frequently introduces a person into companies where no other master of the ceremonies would be found, and has often been the indirect means of making a person's fortune. I shall mention two instances that have fallen under my observation—Sir William D——r, when he was an ensign of the guards, was a good tennis-player; and, from his genteel behaviour, and happy address, was particularly noticed by the late Duke of Marlborough. This nobleman frequently played with him what was called a standing match; from hence the young ensign became his grace's constant companion. The duke patronized him, and exerted his interest to obtain him promotion, in which he succeeded to the utmost of his wishes. This acquaintance, which was the source of Sir William's future preferment and fortune, commenced by means of playing at tennis. The other instance I shall cite, is that of the Rev. Mr. B——ck, who introduced himself to the late Duke de Mirepoix, when he was ambassador at this court, by the means of chess. That nobleman was extremely fond of this game, and Mr. B——ck being nearly his equal, they frequently played together. The reverend gentleman, when this acquaintance began, kept a petty day-school in a small village, and had a little living that did not exceed twenty pounds a year. The French nobleman made uncommon interest with the late Duke of Newcastle, who had a great esteem for his excellency, and to oblige him, obtained a living for Mr. B——ck, of near six hundred a year, which he now enjoys.

There are many games, especially at cards, that are calculated solely for pleasantry and amusement, and produce a fund of mirth and laughter, which can scarcely be equalled by the most facetious stories or pointed repartees.

Play is a professed enemy to inebriation and other debaucheries, as it absorbs the whole attention of the parties, and impedes the circulation of the bottle, or the visitation of a brothel.

It

It is the antidote of scandal, as it in a great degree seals up the tongue, and by the same rule prevents political altercation, that has frequently terminated in a very serious manner.

I could produce many other arguments in favour of gaming, but shall at present confine myself to these, till I find the opinions of those who are its professed adversaries with respect to what I have advanced.

I am, Gentlemen,
Your constant reader,
And occasional
Correspondent,
I. I. B.

Turf Coffee house,
July 11, 1794.

The RUNNER: *a* PUNNING EPISTLE.

To *the* EDITORS *of the* SPORTING MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

I *RUN* the risque of offending you in presuming to ask admittance for this Letter in your valuable Magazine. Should you condescend to grant me that favour, I would *run through fire and water* to serve you, and express my gratitude. I would almost *run in debt* to oblige you, though if I could not discharge such debt, I should afterwards be obliged to *run away*, which is frequently the case with borrowers in the *long run*. Perhaps you may not have leisure to read this letter, but I hope you will just *run it over*, to enable you to form a proper judgment of it. Formerly I delighted in *running after the girls*; but, since I have been old, and *running down hill*, with my head over-*run* with grey hairs, the lasses heads *run* upon younger fellows. In my younger days, I was exceeding fond of gaming, and had a *run of good luck* for several years; but fortune taking a different turn, *I ran on the wrong side of the post.* My time apparently *runs faster* than it did forty years ago, when I enjoyed the smiles of my Eliza, seated by her side on the margin of a *running-stream.* Time, with the aged, is fleeter than a *running-horse*, though I readily admit that a woman's tongue *runs faster.* But though I am sinking in the vale of years, I hope I have courage and strength enough remaining to *run any man through the body* who should attempt to *run foul* of my wife.

Perhaps you may imagine that I am *running on* at a strange rate, and that I ought to have been *run down* before I had encroached so much upon your patience. I cannot conclude, however, without sincerely wishing that the Sporting Magazine may continue to have a *run*, as it deserves to be held in the highest estimation in the opinion of

Your humble servant,
A RUNNER.

ON HUNTING.

LETTER XIII.

FOX HUNTING.

To the EDITORS *of the* SPORTING MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

A CONSIDERABLE time having elapsed since I did myself the honour of writing to you, in all probability it was imagined,

imagined I had given up my design of furnishing you with any thing more on the subject of fox-hunting; but believe me, Gentlemen, I had no such intention. Nothing but a bad state of health, which I have experienced very severely ever since, should have prevented a conclusion of my observations on this sport; and I seize the first opportunity a re-establishment of it gives me, to acquit myself fully on this head. I think my last letter finished with some of the necessary directions when the hounds are at fault, and shall now detain your attention a few minutes longer on the same subject.

The instant the hounds are at fault, it becomes critical indeed to the sportsman, and requires the greatest attention. Those who look forward, perhaps, may see the fox; or the running of sheep, or the pursuit of crows, may give them some tidings of him. A listner may sometimes take a hint which way he is gone, from the chattering of a magpie; or perhaps be at a certainty from a distant halloo: nothing that can give any intelligence at such a time is to be neglected. It too often happens that gentlemen ride altogether: were they to spread more, they might sometimes be of service: particularly those who, from a knowledge of the sport, keep down the wind; it would then be difficult for either hounds or fox to escape their observation. Caution, however, should be particularly attended to, in what manner you go to a halloo, that itself must, in a great measure, direct you; and though it afford no certain rule, yet you may frequently guess by it, whether it may be depended on or not. When boys are bird-keeping at the sowing-time, if you are not very particular, their halloo will deceive you. When you are in doubt, it is much better to send on a whipper-in to know; the loss of a little time is then the worst that can befal you; whereas, if you gallop away with the hounds to the halloo, and are obliged to return, it is a chance if they try for the scent afterwards: on the other hand, if certain of the halloo, you intend going to it, then the sooner you get to it the better.

Another fault is frequently committed, by being in too great a hurry when they get there. It will scarcely be believed how much our eagerness at such a time is apt to mislead our judgment; for instance, when we get to the halloo, the first questions are natural enough:—Did you see the fox?—Which way did he go?—The man points with his finger, perhaps, and then away you all ride as fast as you can go; and nine times out of ten it happens, that you must return to the same place for better information. The less hurry that is made use of on this occasion, you may depend on it the more time will be saved; and in whatever part the fox was seen, whether near or distant, that will not only be the surest, but the best place to take the scent.

Mr. Beckford, in his ingenious publication on hunting, has given several instances to prove that halloos are not always to be depended on. "My hounds, (says this gentleman) being at a long fault, a fellow halloo'd to them from the top of a rick, at some distance off. The huntsman, as you may believe, stuck spurs to his horse, halloo'd till he was almost hoarse, and got to the man as quickly as he could: the

the man still kept hallooing; and, as the hounds got near him, "*here,* (said he) *here—here, the fox is gone!*"—"Is he far before us? (cries the huntsman) how long ago was it that you saw him?—"No, master, I have not *seen him*; but I *smelt him* here this morning, when I came to serve my sheep."

"Once a man halloo'd us back a mile, only to tell us *that we were right before,* and we lost the fox by it." Several other instances are given by the same gentleman; but as they serve more to shew the ignorance of the people that occasioned them, than to elucidate the subject I am writing to you upon, I shall proceed.

It is allowed that hounds ought not to be cast as long as they are able to hunt; and though the idea that a hunted fox never stops, is a very necessary one to a fox-hunter, yet tired foxes will stop if you can hold them on; and they have been known to stop even in the wheel ruts on the open downs, and leap up in the midst of the hounds. A tired fox ought not to be given up: for he is killed, sometimes, very unexpectedly. The business of a huntsman is only difficult when the scent dies away, and it is then his judgment is more conspicuously shewn; to regain a lost scent, and to get nearer the fox by a long cast, requires genius, which a huntsman does not at all times possess. When the hounds are incapable of feeling the scent, it all rests with the huntsman; the giving up, or recovery of the game, therefore, entirely depends on his spirit, genius, and observation.

At cold hunting, with a bad scent, it may be proper to send a whipper-in forward, if he can see the fox; and when hounds are put to the check on a high road, by the fox being headed back, it gives them the best chance of hitting off the scent again, as they may try on both sides at once. When they are running in cover, the strictest silence should be observed; as also when the fox is running short, and the hounds are catching him; this is the most difficult time for the dogs, as he is continually turning, and will frequently lie down, and let them pass him.

When he is caught, to see the hounds eat him eagerly, is the delight of the fox-hunter. If two packs run together, and the fox is killed, the pack that found him is entitled to the head; but should both have found him you must settle in that way that may seem most equitable.

Some further particulars will form another letter, which I intend transmitting to you very soon, and am,

Gentlemen,

Your obedient

Servant,

ACASTUS.

LAW INTELLIGENCE.

COURT OF KING'S BENCH.

CRIM. CON.

ELWES, ESQ. *v.* HARVEY, ESQ.

MR. GIBBS opened the pleadings. The declaration stated, that the defendant made an assault upon the plaintiff's wife, and debauched her.

To

To that charge the defendant pleaded not guilty.

Mr. Erskine, leading counsel for the plaintiff, observed, that the gentlemen of the jury had been made acquainted with the nature of his client's complaint, from the opening of the pleadings.—He was a man of great fortune, and, unfortunately for him, a man of great sensibility, and suffered severely under the circumstances that gave rise to this action. He was by no means instructed to declaim against Mr. Harvey on any topic out of that cause. He believed him to be a man of honour and of feeling, and hoped he would reflect, as he ought to do, on the injury which the plaintiff had sustained. The defendant was a young man at the bar, and became acquainted with Mrs. Elwes, who lived with her husband in Wimpole-street, and, as he understood, was a woman of great beauty.

The learned Counsel lamented the frequency of this species of crime. It was distressing to every man as well as to counsel, who were called on, day after day, to perform the painful duties of advocates, who were obliged to speak on the topic. The same ideas constantly recurring, embarrassed them, and rendered it almost impossible to speak on the subject of these causes.

The arts of an advocate, however, were unnecessary and useless on this subject, when he had the honour to address himself to men of sensibility and honour, most of whom, probably, were fathers and husbands. They must feel the nature of this injury, much better than he could describe it to them. Mr. Harvey having become acquainted with this lady, followed her about from place to place, without the knowledge of her husband. She met him at every opportunity; and at last, the jury would find this gentleman's dishonour was entirely compleated. Perhaps, in saying that, he said all that was necessary in this cause; because, to enter into a detail of the particular circumstances, was unnecessary. He must prove the adultery, and should leave the damages to the good sense of the jury.

He did not know that he should be able to lay before them any particular evidence of the fortune of the defendant. His rank and station in the world would be general evidence of the fact.

The first witness called on the part of the plaintiff was Thomas Randal, who said that he was an apothecary, and was present at the marriage of Mr. and Mrs. Elwes, on the 23d of December, 1789. They were married at St. Ann's, Westminster. He visited them very frequently after their marriage, and believed they lived at first very affectionately together.

On cross examination, he said this lady was a widow when she was married, and he supposed she might then be about two or three and thirty. He attended the family as a professional man, when there was any sickness, and had also visited them frequently as an acquaintance, and had eat and drank with them.

John Callicut said, he was Mr. Elwes's groom, and had an opportunity, from the stable-loft, of looking into his master's back drawing-room. In the month of August last, he recollected seeing Mrs. Elwes and Mr. Harvey in that room, sitting on a sofa. They kissed each other

other several times; it was then between five and six o'clock in the evening. She afterwards walked out of the room, went up stairs with the maid to dress, and came down again into the room where the defendant was, with her gown hanging loose about her, and not as became a modest woman. Mr. H. leaned himself back on the sofa; the lady laid herself up beside him, and kissed him several times. They continued about a minute in that situation. That was on the 18th of August.

On the 21st of August, he saw the same scene acted between this lady and gentleman, between one and two o'clock in the day.

On the 15th of September last, Mr. Elwes had gone out to Highgate, and Mrs. Elwes was ill in bed. Mr. Harvey came to the house in about half an hour after Mr. Elwes went out. He saw Mr. Harvey and Mrs. Elwes in the back drawing-room, in a morning gown and morning cap, and had no stays on. They sat close together, and sometimes she sat on his knee. Mr. Harvey was employed in the old business of kissing, and taking other liberties, which we shall not offend our readers by stating. Her maid came into the room with some wine, and sat it on a table. After she went out, they renewed the business. They afterwards went both out of the room. The witness saw them again between three and four o'clock on the same day, and in the same room. The sofa was removed from its usual place, and Mr. H. and Mrs. E were in such a situation, as left little room to doubt but they were guilty of the charge stated in the declaration.

Mr. Bearcroft, in behalf of the defendant, observed, that very little had fallen from Mr. Erskine, which called for observation. It was very well known that many actions of this kind occurred; and whether they arose from any alteration of climate, unfriendly to continence, or from a mutual relaxation of morals in both sexes, the fact was undoubted, though not very frequent with any consequence in this particular case. The defendant, he observed, was a young man, not twenty-two years of age, the lady almost old enough to be his mother. He is designed too, for the bar, and, like all those who have succeeded in that profession, he has laid in the best stock in trade imaginable, namely, nothing at all. Poverty with us is the road to wealth; for I never knew a successful lawyer who had a guinea when he began: hunger will eat through stone walls; and nothing but hunger, I am sure, could induce any man to study law.

He reminded the jury, that the whole evidence of the groom was unsupported, and what he spoke to as most material, was seen very imperfectly through shutters at a distance; but they must be convinced of his guilt, and this the groom himself had declared he never witnessed. On the whole, he left the cause to their good sense, informing them, however, that the plaintiff was a rich man, who did not want money, and the defendant a poor one, who could not pay it.

The Lord Chief Justice, in his excellent address to the jury, stated, that there were two questions for their consideration:—first, the fact of the adultery; and secondly, if they were satisfied of that, what damages they would give.

give. His lordship thought the lady more to blame than the gentleman.

The jury retired about half an hour to consider of their verdict, and found for the plaintiff—damages 100l.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

ON Monday, July 3, a horse belonging to Mr. Jones, (which won at Epsom on Friday) was engaged to gallop 11 miles in half an hour, for 50 guineas, which he performed on Sunbury Common, two minutes and a half within the time.

July 3, Mr. Hudson, of Soho, undertook, for a trifling wager of a bottle and a bird, to walk blindfold from the Royal Academy, in the Strand, to the Royal Exchange, in Cornhill, in the space of one hour, which, contrary to the expectations of many who betted highly against him, he performed in fifty minutes.

July 7, a pitched battle was fought on Ball's-pond-common, between one Hewlett, a leather-dresser, (well known by the name of *Fat Fanny*) and James Edis, servant to a butcher in Newport-market, for ten guineas a-side; when, after a sharp contest for forty minutes, victory declared for the son of the cleaver.

On Tuesday, July 8, a capital sailing match took place from Gravesend to the Nore Light, and back, for one hundred guineas, between the Blossom and King George tilt-boats. The odds at starting were 6 to 4 in favour of the Blossom, but by the superior skill and judgment of the person who steered the King George, she quickly took the lead, and beat her opponent easy, leaving the Blossom upwards of one mile astern.

The first amateurs in sailing attended; and to those fond of aquatic sports, it afforded the highest amusement.

CANTERBURY, JULY 11.

A few evenings ago, as the game-keeper at Olantigh, the seat of John Sawbridge, Esq was out with his gun destroying rabbits, a cub fox, nearly full grown, crossed him within shot, with something in its mouth, which he could not discern what it was: but upon shooting the fox, he found it was a leveret; and so tenacious was this young plunderer of its spoil, that it retained it even after death, and so tight were its teeth clenched, as to render it difficult to extricate the leveret from him. This is the second fox which has been shot within these two years with a hare in its mouth, within a few miles of the same place.

July 14, a match at trap-ball, the best of two innings, was played at the ground belonging to the Hoxton Coffee-house, between Mr. Salter and Mr. Gibson, of that hamlet, for twenty guineas, which was won with ease by Mr. Salter.

July 19, at a leaping-match, (two hops and a leap) at the cricket-field, Islington, for twenty guineas, between Mr. Housley, a publican, and Mr. Peck, a pig-jobber, both of St. Luke's, Middlesex, the latter was victor; clearly covering fourteen yards and a half, which the other, in several attempts, fell four inches short of.

Dehaynes, an emigrant, who kept a *Rouge et Noir* table, in Oxendon-

Oxendon-street, was ordered to quit the country, on Wednesday night, July 16, at *three hours* notice. Upwards of one hundred anonymous letters were written to Mr. Secretary Dundas, charging Dehaynes with being a Jacobine. He was hurried off, without being suffered to make the least arrangement in his affairs.—As the magistrates knew that this man kept an illegal gambling-house, they should have saved government the trouble which they have had. We know nothing of his political principles; but it is likely, that those who have been plundered at his table, have adopted a mode, through anonymous letters, to have him driven from the country.

CRICKET.

Last month, a grand match of cricket was played at Old Field, near Maidenhead, Berks, between two select elevens of England, for 1000 guineas.

This match was made between R. Leigh, and E. Morant, Esqrs.

R. LEIGH, Esq.

FIRST INNINGS.		SECOND INNINGS.	
T. Walker run out	5	not out	62
H. Walker run out	0	b Fennex	5
Robinson b Boxall	0	b ditto	19
J. Wells c ditto	22	b ditto	0
Smith b ditto	0	run out	10
Ring c Finch	40	c Scott	13
Crawte b Harris	3	c ditto	2
Purchase b ditto	10	run out	5
Hammond b Fennex	4	b Harris	20
Fielder not out	5	b Fennex	7
Bulling b Boxall	6	b Beldam	1
Byes	2	Byes	2
	97		146

E. MORANT, Esq.

FIRST INNINGS.		SECOND INNINGS.	
Fennex stumpt Hammond	2	run out	3
J. Walker c ditto	0	not out	6
Beldam stumpt ditto	7	c H. Walker	60
Small, jun. run out	0	c T. Walker	6
Freemantle c Hammond	2	stumpt Hammond	7
Finch c Smith	6	c. J Wells	9
Scott c Robinson	0	b ditto	7
Ray c Fielder	5	c Bulling	10
Harding not out	14	b T. Walker	2
Boxall c. H. Walker	0	b Purchase	0
Harris b. J. Wells	5	c Bulling	1
Byes	0	Byes	2
	41		113

On

On Monday, June 30, and the two following days, a grand match of cricket was played in Lord's Ground, between two select elevens of England, for 1000 guineas,

This match was made between R. Leigh, and G. Louch, Esqrs.

R. LEIGH, Esq.

FIRST INNINGS.		SECOND INNINGS.	
Freemantle c J. Wells	4	b Hampton	25
T. Walker c Beldam	102	b Purchase	14
H. Walker not out	70	b J. Wells	8
Small, jun. c Beldam	12	hit wicket	11
Scott c J. Wells	4	run out	16
Hammond b ditto	1	c Boxall	54
Goldham, Esq. b ditto	0	b Hampton	1
Hon. Mr. Tufton, jun. b ditto	12	c Beldam	0
Ray not out	6	c G. Louch, Esq.	0
Hon. Mr. Twisleton b Boxall	0	c ditto	7
Harris c Fennex	1	not out	1
Byes	7	Byes	1
	219		138

G. LOUCH, Esq.

FIRST INNINGS.		SECOND INNINGS.	
Ring stumpt Hammond	37	b Harris	19
Robinson b Harris	0	c H. Walker	0
J. Wells b T. Walker	54	c Ray	18
Beldam b ditto	4	c ditto	6
Fennex stumpt Hammond	4	c Hammond	4
Purchase b Harris	5	c T. Walker	5
G. Louch, Esq. c T. Walker	0	c H. Walker	9
C. Clark, Esq. c Hammond	17	c Hammond	4
Graham c ditto	4	c Scott	1
Boxall b T. Walker	10	c Hon. Mr. Twisleton	6
Hampton not out	0	not out	0
Byes	3	Byes	4
	138		76

VAUXHALL SAILING MATCH.

July 18.

This, yesterday, failed of its ultimate purpose, on account of a total deficiency of the grand requisite, *wind*; the boats were not able to pass Battersea-bridge, before the tide was exhausted, of course they were obliged to defer the contest.

The exhibition, however, upon the river, was really splendid—Old

Old Father Thames, elevated on his rolling car, drawn by aquatic coursers, was a nouvelle and very attractive spectacle.—The machinery of this car was on a very large scale, and, considering it was a first performance, *without rehearsal*, it operated well.—We are happy in not having heard that any accident happened. An astonishing crowd of boats, in general filled with elegant company, crowded the river from Westminster to Chelsea.

This was again renewed on Saturday, July 19, when the Swallow arrived first at the boat moored off Vauxhall, and was honoured with the prize.—The Sally came in second, and ran the fortunate vessel very hard for a considerable time. The day being very fine, there were an innumerable number of people to view the scene. The river was crowded with boats, and the gardens were crowded with company in the evening.

*** *The following articles certainly claim the attention of the Sportsman, on which account we insert them.*

Our fashionable belles have *hoisted* a new marine ornament in honour of the late glorious naval victory; it is a gold chain twisted in the form of a *cable*, and worn loosely round the neck, to which is suspended a golden *anchor*.

FASHION.

The feminine dress of the present period, is, perhaps, the most indecent ever worn in this country. The *breast* is altogether displayed; and the whole drapery, by the wanton management of the wearer in throwing it behind her, is made to *cling* so to the *figure*, that *nothing* can be said to be completely concealed. Well may it be necessary to *veil* the *face*.

A fine young girl, not more than *seventeen* years of age, enlisted, about a fortnight ago, in the 32 regiment, at Hampton. She attended drill regularly, and was considered a very clever recruit. Though she lay with the corporal, who enlisted her, a *fortnight*, her sex was never discovered, until she disclosed the circumstance to an officer, with whom she was passionately enamoured. The corporal has been so ridiculed by his comrades on this business, that he has requested, and obtained leave, to quit the regiment.

In the church-yard at Aberconway, is the following inscription:—" Here lieth the body of Nicholas Hooker of Conway, Gent. who was the *one and fortieth* child of his father, William Hooker, Esq. by Alice, his wife, and the father of *seven and twenty* children. He died the 20th day of March, 1637."

Having given the natural history of the whale, and the mode of taking it, we insert the following curious circumstance, which is copied from the log-book of the Henrietta whaler, arrived at Hull:

" On the 12th of April, observed a large whale, accompanied by a young one; the harpooner endeavoured to strike the large fish, but missed her, and the weapon struck the young one; the dam immediately wrapped her fins around it, and went off with such rapidity and force, as to draw the harpoon, by which means they both escaped."

PEDESTRIANISM.

PEDESTRIANISM.

Mr. Jonathan Studholm, of Aketon, near Wigton, who is between 70 and 80 years of age, walked, a few weeks ago, from Aketon, a village, near Kendal, in *one* day, (a distance of more than *fifty miles*); and, what is still more remarkable, without any considerable fatigue. He has often done the same thing, and is in the habit of walking journeys of equal length.

There is also another instance of extraordinary activity at another village near Wigton —A person of the name of Stothard walks once or twice a year from his dwelling to Whitehaven, where he purchases flax and other articles in the way of his trade, and returns home within the twenty-four hours! The journey is more than *sixty miles*, exclusive of what his business may require him to walk in Whitehaven.

SWIMMING.

A black servant belonging to Mr. Jay, who lately arrived in this kingdom, for the purpose of settling the misunderstanding between this country and America, took a boat a few days ago, with the intention of going below the Tower.

When he came to London-bridge, he interrogated the waterman respecting the safety of jumping into the river, and swimming through one of the arches. The man told him that such an attempt would be attended with the most imminent danger, the fall of water at that time being very great.

This information by no means satisfied *Blackey*, and, taking off his cloaths, he, on the instant, plunged into the roaring tide.

The boatman, struck with terror and amazement at such a daring act, directed his boat towards the same arch through which he imagined his desperate passenger would be carried, entertaining but little hopes of his safety.

To his astonishment, however, he had no sooner gained the other side of the bridge, than he beheld the *black head* of Mungo above water, in the midst of the strongest part of the current, the eddy of which frequently carried him down beneath the surface of the stream in spite of his utmost endeavours.

He was, however, at last taken into the boat, and from the account which he has given of the difficulties he had to encounter when in the water, we may rest assured that he will not again be fond of venturing upon an experiment which carries with it so much real danger.

A few days since, at an alehouse in Cork, a porter undertook, for the trifling consideration of half-a-crown, to swallow a pint of lamp oil of the most rancid quality that could be procured, which he not only performed, but afterwards eat a roll soaked in another portion of the stinking oil, with great apparent relish.

An uncommon bird was lately shot on the river at Ramsbury, Wilts, by William Watkins, servant to Mrs. Popham, of Littlecot: it measured, from tip to tip of the wings, four feet eight inches, from the beak to the end of the tail three feet; the beak four inches and a half long, very large and hooked at the end, and it was web-footed; the colour was black, except a few white feathers on the belly, and it weighed five pounds.

A *Crim. Con.* business has lately been discovered between Lady **** ***** and a favourite footman. The arbor in the shrubbery at *** **** was the place where love grew too powerful for reason, and where the servant was allowed all

all the privileges of the master. A little spaniel discovered the happy pair; and, not knowing John in his *new situation*, barked, and brought his lordship's sister, who was taking a solitary walk, to the spot. The footman has absconded, and the lady is gone home to her father's.

July 22, a battle, for ten guineas a side, took place at South Molton, in Devonshire, between John Grenway, a Smith, of that place, and the noted William Snokell, of Dartmouth; Sidaway was second to Grenway, and Croweder to Snokell, on whom the odds were 7 to 4. Grenway gave the two first knock-down blows. In the fourth round Snokell caught him by the hair, and gave him several unfair blows; at length Grenway having extricated himself, struck him so desperate a blow on the left side, and followed that with another on the head, that he was carried off the field senseless, which terminated the battle.

LEWES, JULY 21.

A valuable white pointer-dog, belonging to Lieut. Wharton, of the Royal Lancashire Militia, has been lately maliciously and wantonly killed, 'tis supposed by some of the soldiers at camp, as the dog's carcase has been found in a field near Shoreham, with several bayonet wounds about it. The lieutenant offers a reward of five guineas for the discovery of the person who killed his dog.

A fine silver eel, of an uncommon size, was lately taken in Lewes river, near the Pier-head, by two gentlemen, who exercised more than ordinary ingenuity to save this extraordinary fish, which they first dexterously pierced between the tail and vent, and then introduced a rope through the orifice, and by means thereof hauled it into their boat.

The above eel measured in length four feet and an inch, in girth twelve inches, and weighed eleven pounds and a half. It was next day sent to camp, as a present to Colonel Pelham, and introduced at the mess dished up in a manner that would have feasted the most dainty epicure.

A few days before, an eel of nearly the same dimensions and weight as above, was caught in the same place; and the two are supposed to have been male and female, and very old inhabitants of that part of our river.

COCKING INTELLIGENCE.

DURING the late races at Stamford, the main of cocks fought between the gentlemen of Lincoln and Leicester, was a drawn one.

The main of cocks fought between the Duke of Hamilton, (Small, feeder) and James O'Callaghan, Esq. (Sunley, feeder) at the late races at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, was won by the former, 5 a-head. His Grace winning 19 main, and 3 byes, and Mr. O'Callaghan, 14 main and 9 byes.

POETRY.

THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

SONGS
IN THE
SPLENDID ENTERTAINMENT
AT
DRURY LANE THEATRE,
ENTITLED
THE GLORIOUS FIRST OF JUNE.

Written by the Duke of LEEDS.

O'ER the vast surface of the deep,
Britain shall still her empire keep;
Her heav'n-descended charter, long
The fav'rite theme of Glory's song,
Shall still proclaim the blest decree,
That "Britons ever shall be free."

Tho' hostile bands in fierce array,
Dare to dispute her sov'reign sway;
Tho' savage Fury, nurs'd in gore,
Boast to despoil her silver shore,
Heav'n still supports its blest decree,
That "Britons ever shall be free."

'Twas thus with HOWE, illustrious name!
Still adding to a life of fame,
Thro' Gallia's proud Armada broke,
And Albion's wrath in thunder spoke;
While Victory sanction'd the decree,
That "Britons ever shall be free."

Hail, happy Britain, favour'd isle!
Where Freedom, Arts, and Commerce, smile!
Long may thy GEORGE in glory prove,
The transports of a nation's love!
Long reign to guard the blest decree,
That "Britons ever shall be free."

Written by the Earl of MULGRAVE.

I.

OUR line was form'd, the French lay to,
One sigh I gave to Poll on shore,
Too cold I thought our last adieu,
Our parting kisses seem'd too few
If we should meet no more.
But love, avast! my heart is oak,
HOWE's daring signal floats on high;
I see, thro' roaring cannon's smoke,
Their awful line subdu'd and broke,
They strike! they sink! they fly!

CHORUS.

Now (danger past) we'll drink and joke—
Sing "Rule, Britannia; Hearts of Oak!"
And toast before each martial tune—
"HOWE, and The Glorious First of June!"

II.

My limb struck off, let soothing art
The chance of war to Poll explain;
Proud of the loss, I feel no smart,
But as it wrings my Polly's heart
With sympathetic pain.
Yet she will think (with love so tried)
Each scar a beauty in my face;
And, as I strut with martial pride,
On timber-toe, by Polly's side,
Will call my limp a grace.

CHORUS.

At dangers past, we'll laugh, &c.

III.

Farewell to every sea delight,
The cruize with eager watchful days,
The skilful chase by glim'ring night,
The well-work'd ship, the gallant fight,
The lov'd Commander praise;
Yet Polly's love and costancy,
With prattling babes more joy shall bring;
Proud, when my boys shall, first at sea,
Follow great HOWE to victory!
And serve our noble King.

CHORUS.

Then (danger past) we'll drink and joke—
Sing "Rule, Britannia; Hearts of Oak!"
And toast before each martial tune—
"HOWE, and The Glorious First of June!"

BRANDENBURGH HOUSE.

A French piece, in three acts, written by Mr. Le Texier, entitled Les Poissardes Anglois, was performed at this place, in which the Margravine, in the character of Poll, a fishwoman, introduced the following song, written by herself.

I'M a Billingsgate girl—'tis an odd sort of name,
And my eyes are as black as a coal;
My frankness of heart gives me looks that are game—
But you'll find I'm a good little soul.
Who'll buy?—who'll buy?
Who'll buy of this good little soul?

Tho' we tip off an oath, as we sip off our gin,
Why you sure cannot think it so droll—
For to sip and to jaw in this land is no sin,
If 'tis done with a sweet little soul—
Like me—d'ye see—
If 'tis done with a sweet little soul.

Ye fine Ladies from courts, and from cities combin'd,
In your coaches to us you may roll;
'Mongst fishes pray chuse out a dish to your mind—
I'll take care to pick out a good soul.
I'll show—I know—
How our lasses pick out a good soul.

If John Bull looks so gruff—when of taxing he'll read,
In his gizzard should grumble and growl:
Nay, shed tears when his brethren's vitals may bleed,
Yet John Bull is a very good soul—
He is—indeed—
Yes, John Bull is a very good soul.

From the sea sprang Dame Venus and our little Isle—
While our seamen, from hence to each pole,
Prove of beauty and graces they merit the smile;—
For their mercy here * proves they've a soul.
From us—a buss
Shall repay each brave honest good soul.

Come here, gentlefolks all, and attend to my lay;
Tipple off English punch from our bowls;—
Come to us in a posse, like this, ev'ry day,
And I'll swear that you're good sort of souls,
Like me—I see
You disdain not good Billingsgate souls.

* Pointing to the emigrant priests.

EXTEMPORE.

ON THE LATE GLORIOUS VICTORY.

HOW useless our caution, how idle our fears,
When the French talk'd of landing, and making a row!
'Twas all but a SHAM: for these bragging Monsieurs
Have shewn in the sequel, they did not know HOWE.

ON THE WIDOW ——

WHEN Celia, clad in weeds of woe,
Bids her obedient tears to flow,
Think not she'll expire—
Distilling, thus, the tears are seen,
From one end of the faggot green,
—The other end on fire!

C. C.

THE present fashion amongst the ladies of veiling their faces, and highly ornamenting their sash in their *rear*, seems to have been foretold by the Duke of Buckingham, in the Rehearsal.

"What means Luna in a veil?
"Luna means to shew her tail."

The following Impromptu alludes to this fashion, but particularly at their disclosing so much of their charms which ought to be concealed:

ON THE FASHIONABLE UNDRESS.

VEIL not that face, but veil that snowy breast;
Shew us your face, let fancy paint the rest.
Beauty's a sign to hang without the door,
'Till after marriage, men should see no more.

ON VEILS.

SCRIPTURE records, in ancient days,
Damsels, when station'd on highways,
In *veils* by laws were ray'd *;
But they were obviously of use,
Nor merits any one abuse,
Who bears a badge of trade.

* Gen. ch. xxxviii. v. 14, 15.

Nuns

Nuns too, wear *veils*; but well I wot,
Right passing few hath Albion got
Of nuns, her fair among;
Whence we may draw conclusion good,
Our *veils* to neither *sisterhood*,
Pertain do, or belong.

Eve also, when by *shame* deprest,
But here, unluck'ly, as i'th' rest
In point is not the case:
What, can we with ourselves prevail,
Oh! horrid thought, to say a *veil's*
The *fig-leaf* for a face!

SECLUSION.

BY MRS. ROBINSON.

I LOVE the labyrinth—the silent glade,
For soft repose and conscious rapture made—
The melancholy murmurs of the rill,
The moaning zephyrs, and the breezy hill,
The torrent roaring from the flinty steep,
The morning gales that o'er the landscape sweep,
The shade that dusky twilight meekly draws
O'er the calm interval of Nature's pause;
Till the chaste Moon, slow stealing o'er the plain,
Wraps the dark mountain in her silv'ry train,
Soothing, with sympathetic tears, the breast
That seeks for Solitude, and sighs for Rest!

THE SHIPWRECK.

A SONNET.

HOARSE roars the wind; the pensile sable clouds,
With boist'rous force, involve the sapphire sky:
Low the night-birds with shrieks discordant fly—
The fear-fraught seaman climbs the shiv'ring shrouds.

Mark the bleak North!—what dreadful ills presage
Th' infuriate flashes that the heav'ns divide!
See how the Demons of the Tempest rage;
Oh, from this scene horrific let me hide!

Hide me!—yet no:—for you with horrent hair,
With frantic steps, wild looks, and tearful eye,
Dares the rude brink amid the lightning's glare!
Alas, poor maid! thy sailor's doom is nigh.
Hark how the vessel shakes:—oh, envious wave!
She severs now—and yields him to a wat'ry grave.

MIRANDA.

SONNET.

WRITTEN ON REVISITING FELBRIGG, THE SEAT OF WM. WINDHAM, ESQ. IN THE MONTH OF JUNE, 1794.

FELBRIGG, once more thy beauties I survey!
O'er each smooth lawn, and through each verdant grove;
Where, in times past, I oft was wont to rove,
Again my once admiring footsteps stray.

Yet, ah! methinks no more thy groves look gay,
No more thy smooth shorn turf's with verdure crown'd!
But fancy pictures, as I gaze around,
Thy trees and lawns a sanguine hue display.

Ah, whence this change!—"Alas!" they seem to say,
How can we still our wonted hues preserve?
Should we not blush, to see the man we serve,
A base apostate from fair freedom's sway?

Should we not blush such talents to behold
To tyranny's detested service sold?

N.

ANACREONTIC.

WRITTEN AT MIDNIGHT.

NOW, with light, the sombre skies
Luna's brilliant crescent dyes;
Thro' the parting clouds she goes,
And on Thames a radiance throws;
Who, with silent, sullen pride,
Bids his chrystal waters glide.

At this awful, midnight hour,
While Repose extends his power
O'er the world, and gentle Rest
Takes Louisa to his breast,
Fears and tenderness combin'd
Captivate and wound my mind.

To soothe my grief, with spells and charms
Bring her, Fancy, to my arms.

Fair

Fair magician, by thy art,
Let me strain her to my heart!
Let me, with a fond embrace,
Clasp her neck and kiss her face.

Charm'd by visions, sweet as those,
I regret not lost repose.
While such thoughts my mind delight,
Let my life be one long night;
Want of rest shall give no pain,
Nor sleep be ever sought again.

To the EDITORS of the SPORTING MAGAZINE.

Gentlemen,

IF you think the following lines worthy insertion in your Magazine, you will much oblige, Your's, &c.

W. R.

SIMILIES, TO NANCY.

MY passion is as mustard strong,
I sit all sober sad;
Drunk as a piper all day long;
Or like a March hare mad.

Round as a hoop the bumpers flow,
I drink, yet can't forget her;
For tho' as drunk as David's sow,
I love her still the better.

Pert as a pearmonger I'd be,
If Nancy were but kind:
Cold as a cucumber could see
The rest of woman kind.

Like a stuck pig, I gaping stare,
And eye her o'er and o'er;
Lean as a rake, with sighs and care,
Sleek as a mouse before.

Plump as a partridge was I known,
And soft as silk my skin.
My cheeks as fat as butter grown,
But as a groat now thin.

I'm melancholy as a cat,
Am kept awake to weep;
But she, insensible of that,
Sound as a top can sleep.

Hard is her heart as flint or stone,
She laughs to see me pale;
And merry as a grig is grown,
And brisk as bottled ale.

The God of Love, at her approach,
Is busy as a bee;
Hearts, sound as any bell or roach,
Are smit, and sigh like me.

Ah! me, as thick as hops or hail
The fine men croud about her;
But soon as dead as a door nail
Shall I be without her.

Straight as my leg, her shape appears—
Oh! were we join'd together,
My heart would be scott free from cares,
And lighter than a feather.

As fine as five-pence is her mien,
No drum was ever tighter;
Her glance is as a razor keen,
And not the sun is brighter.

As soft as pap her kisses are,
Methinks I taste them yet;
Brown as a berry is her hair,
Her eyes as black as jet.

As smooth as glass, as white as curds
Her pretty hand invites;
Sharp as a needle are her words,
Her wit like pepper bites.

Brisk as a body louse she trips,
Clean as a penny drest;
Sweet as a rose her breath and lips,
Round as a globe her breast.

Full as an egg was I with glee,
And happy as a King;
Good lord, how all men envy'd me,
She lov'd like any thing.

But false as hell, she, like the wind,
Chang'd, as her sex must do;
Tho' seeming as the turtle kind,
And like the Gospel true.

If I and Nancy could agree,
Let who would, take Peru:
Great as an Emp'ror should I be,
And richer than a Jew.

Till you tender as a chick,
I'm dull as any post;
Let us like burrs together stick,
And warm as any toast.

You'll find me truer than a die,
And wish me better speed;
Flat as a flounder when I lie,
And as a herring dead.

Sure as a gun she'll drop a tear,
And sigh, perhaps, and wish;
When I am rotten as a pear,
And mute as any fish.

SONG.

BOAST not, fond youth, the Fairy power,
Of wit, or worth, or feeling fine;
Say, canst thou fix a widow's dower—
Are settlements and bank-stock thine?

If thou not share Potosi's mine,
Nor offer love a golden shower,
Talk not of charms and bliss divine,
Thou wast not born in fortune's hour.